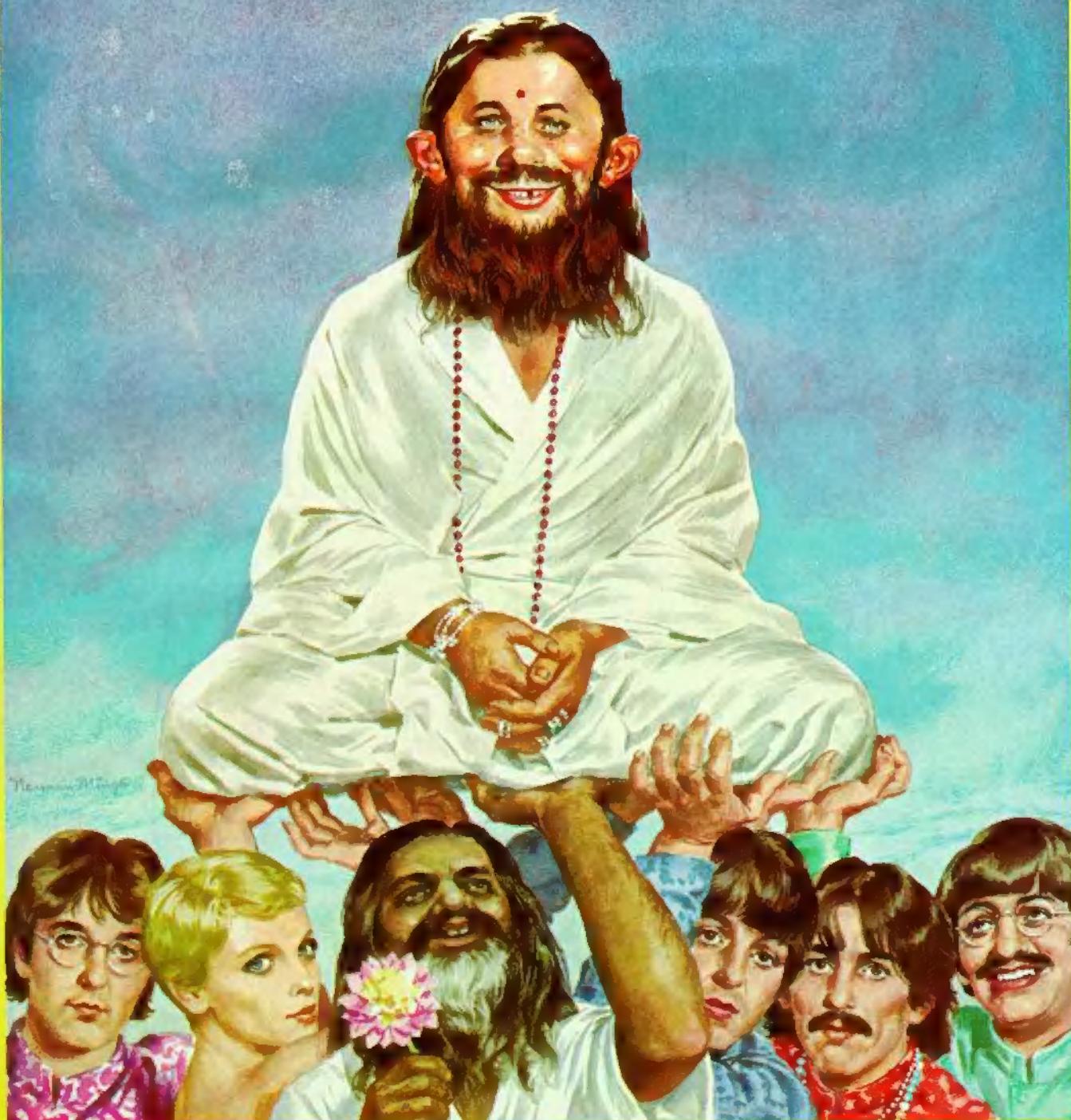


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No.
121
Sept.
'68

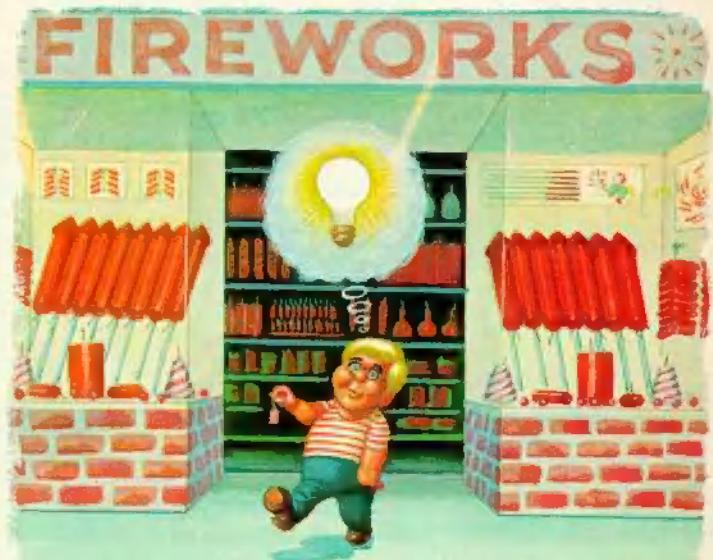
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A JULY 4TH SALUTE



ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE



MAD

"Familiarity breeds attempt!" — Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher* ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN *editor*

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 CURTIS ANDERSON *subscriptions*
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the usual gang of idiots

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MAD—Sept. 1968 Vol. 1, No. 121 is published monthly except February, May, August and November, by E. C. Publications, Inc., 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10022. Second Class Postage paid at New York, N. Y. Subscriptions: In the U.S.A., 19 issues \$5.00. Outside U.S.A., 19 issues \$6.25. Allow 10 weeks for change of address to become effective. Entire contents copyright © 1968 by E. C. Publications, Inc. The Publisher and Editors will not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and request all manuscripts be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed return envelope. The names of characters used in all MAD fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. A similarity without satiric purpose to a living person is a coincidence.

VITAL FEATURES

VALLEY OF
THE DOLLARS
(A MAD
MOVIE SATIRE)
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GETTING
MARRIED
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SATIRE)
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SIK
TEEN
MAGAZINE
to Pg. 43
Back Cover



LOOKING FOR THE
LATEST MAD?

SILLY GOOSE!

FOR JUST
A LITTLE
FOLDING
MONEY

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HAVE TO
GANDER
AT THE
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Photography by Irving Schild

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WE'VE GOT A BRAND NEW BIG DEAL, SO

TAKE YOUR PIC!

Yep, now you can order full color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What-*Me Worry!*" kid—suitable for framing or wrapping fish—four ways: 25¢ for 1, 50¢ for 3, \$1.00 for 9, and this latest sickening bargain—\$2.00 for 27! (Dig the pattern emerging?) Mail money to: MAD, 485 MADison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022



LETTERS DEPT.

BALMY AND CLOD

Until reading your latest issue, I could see no excuse for the existence of "Bonnie and Clyde." But, as the basis of your parody, the movie has earned its keep. By exposing with hilarious and devastating precision the essential phoniness of the film, you have produced satire which Jonathan Swift might envy.

Bill Uzzle
Raleigh, N.C.

How you had the nerve to ridicule a movie that was so superbly acted, directed, and written, I do not know.

Tom Dyjor
Canoga Park, Calif.

Your satire of "B & C" deserves special praise. It was an extremely frank, clever, and effective cut against a movie which tries to make heroes out of a couple of murderers.

Mike Finley
Tulsa, Oklahoma

After seeing this excellent portrayal of two legendary characters, I was almost inspired to go out and rob and shoot a bit myself. After reading your poor attempt of a satire, I was equally inspired to go out and shoot and rob a few MAD staff members . . . mainly, of their shortcomings. Better luck next time!

Alan Saville
Boulder, Colo.

Your satire was "Balmy" . . . and you guys are "Clods"!

Bruce R. Mandes
Willow Grove, Pa.

Do you think that if I got a broad and went around stealing investors' life savings and murdering people I'd be worshipped as a hero, too?

David Vine
Barrington, N.J.

Could be you'd wind up being planted in the "Garden State", David!—Ed.

WHAT IS A SQUARE

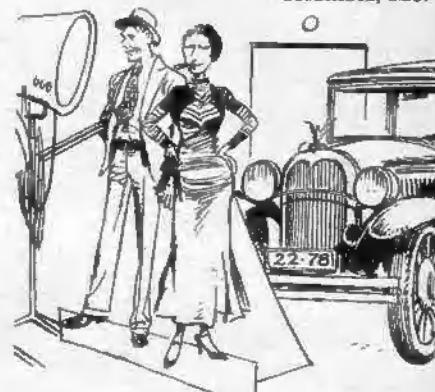
What is wrong with a guy throwing a Bachelor Party at a McDonald's Hamburger Stand? The employees of our local McDonald's unit think it's a pretty good idea. Next time you throw a Bachelor Party, come to *our* unit . . . and we'll even give you *free hats*. Can you beat that?

Andrew Hashley
Assistant Manager
McDonald's-Division Ave., Inc.
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Anything would taste better than those hamburgers!—Ed.

In doing a little research on the unlawful pair, I saw many pictures of the *real* Bonnie and Clyde. I noticed their incredible likenesses drawn above the main title in your article. Again MAD comes through with authenticity. Three cheers for Mort Drucker!

Donna Fletcher
Columbia, Mo.



Incredible Likeness?

You guys shot me full of laughs with "Balmy & Clod." Then you bashed my brains in with the truth contained in the last page!

Eleanor Clough
Tolland, Conn.

Nazi Germany was a symbol of power and domination of the masses. Bonnie and Clyde were the product of the depressed masses rising *against* the powers that be. Your parallel is illogical, misrepresentative, and foolish.

D. Barry Schmitt
Lima, Ohio

The original Bonnie and Clyde were a pair of petty, vicious, sadistic killers. Why would anyone want to glorify two such people? Crime movies dealing with such gangsters as Al Capone, Baby Face Nelson, John Dillinger, etc., always make money. MAD always seems to recognize the unvarnished truth. Just keep socking it to me!

Anne Worthy
Seguin, Texas

FAMOUS PROTEST BUTTONS

"Some Famous Protest Buttons" was one of the funniest articles in years! You forgot to include one of my favorite buttons . . . "Amy Vanderbilt spits in the shower!" Who could you pin that on?

Mike Horton
Detroit, Mich.

Your "Famous Protest Buttons" article was the most disgusting thing I've ever read. And the worst part of it was: I enjoyed every second of it!

Roy Jarbeaux
Corpus Christi, Texas

VIVA SERGIO ARAGONES

I am nominating Sergio Aragonés for: "The Most Outstanding Marginal Thinking by an Artist in a Regular, Continuing, Drawn-out, Dramatic Magazine Department"!

Craig Wilson
Mount Hermon, Calif.

I have been reading MAD for a long time now and I have never seen a letter of appreciation to Sergio Aragonés. So, here it is! I appreciate your work, Sergio, so keep it up. (For the readers who don't know, Sergio does the "DRAWN-OUT DRAMAS" scattered all over the magazine.)

David Perez
Hialeah, Fla.

Our expression of appreciation to Sergio for his fine "all-around work" in MAD was to have him do his own book. Cast your eyes right to his all-new "Viva MAD."—Ed.

PRICE RISE

Why don't you do a satire on one of today's most serious runaway inflationary trends—mainly the price of MAD.

Marvin Adler
Massapequa Park, N.Y.

I see MAD is now 35¢. I realize that the New York City Sanitation Men recently received a wage increase, but I never expected the price of garbage to go up accordingly.

Laurence Halpern
Flushing, N.Y.

I hope this rise in price DOESN'T mean a corresponding rise in quality!

Jeff Durrel
Washington, D.C.

It's not "Highway Robbery" . . . it's "Grand Theft"!

Ed Jordan
Glenolden, Pa.

Why don't you guys bow to the powers that be, succumb to the Establishment, and accept advertising? Then you wouldn't have to raise your price to cover rising publishing costs?

Donald Hicks
Chicago, Ill.

We'd rather DIE!—Ed.

OUTSIDE PITCH

I read every issue of your magazine cover to cover . . . Nothing in between! Just the covers!

Harry Plewa
Jamaica, N.Y.

Please address all correspondence to:
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New York, New York 10022

OUR MEXICAN MADMAN

SERGIO ARAGONÉS

SWITCHES FROM
"OLE-MARGINALS"
TO THE MORE
EXPENSIVE SPREAD



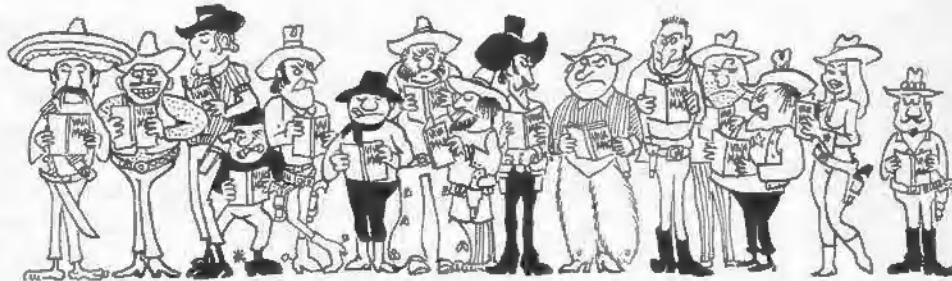
...mainly to his own

MAD

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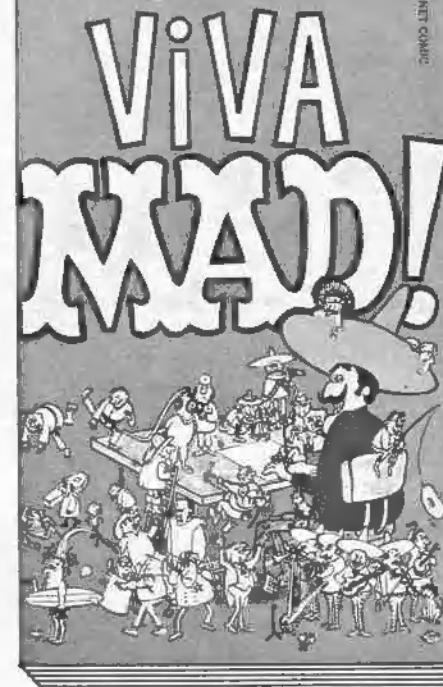
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by SERGIO ARAGONES



METHEDRINE-ACTING DEPT.

YOU READ
THE BOOK!
YOU SAW
THE MOVIE!
NOW ENJOY
THIS MAD
SATIRE...
IT'S ALMOST
AS FUNNY!

My name is Anna Welts. I'm heading for wild, fabulous New York City. I want excitement, intrigue, sex! I've had it with THIS dull, humdrum New England town!



My name is Ninny O'Horror. Right now I'm a nobody. But I'm headed for stardom, and nothing can stand in my way! . . . Except maybe my terrible acting!



VALLEY OF T

?

ANY
SIMILARITY
BETWEEN
CHARACTERS
IN THIS
FILM AND
ACTUAL
PERSONS,
LIVING OR
DEAD, IS
RATHER
REMOTE—
BUT TRY TO
GUESS WHO
THEY'RE
SUPPOSED
TO BE
ANYWAY!
IT'LL TAKE
YOUR MIND
OFF THE
RIDICULOUS
PLOT!



ARTIST:
MORT
DRUCKER

WRITER:
LARRY
SIEGEL

MORT
DRUCKER

My name is Juniper Nock. It's not going to be easy for me to make it in Show Business. Look at me . . . 48-22-39. Why, I'm just another pretty face!



My name is Jackpot Suzanne. I play a reporter in this picture. It's a "bit" part, but I get a fabulous fee for it. I also wrote the original best-seller this movie is based on. I made a bundle on the hard-cover edition, a mint on the paperback, and a fortune on the movie rights. In fact, I'd say I'm rolling in the—



THE DOLLARS

Okay, baby—you want to work for me, you'll have to show me what you've got! Take 'em off . . . !

What?! B-but I—I hardly know you!

C'mon! C'mon! Take 'em off and let's see what you can do!

But I was saving that for the man I love!

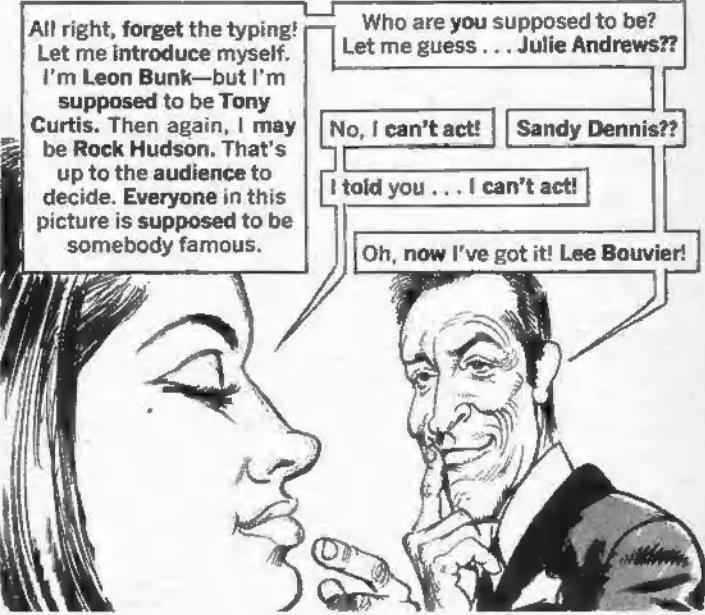
Look . . . if you don't take your gloves off, how do I know you can type?

All right, forget the typing! Let me introduce myself. I'm Leon Bunk—but I'm supposed to be Tony Curtis. Then again, I may be Rock Hudson. That's up to the audience to decide. Everyone in this picture is supposed to be somebody famous.

Who are you supposed to be? Let me guess . . . Julie Andrews???

No, I can't act! Sandy Dennis??
I told you . . . I can't act!

Oh, now I've got it! Lee Bouvier!



Gosh, this is exciting . . . rubbing elbows with all the big people in Show Business!

Anna, this is Ninny O'Horror, who is really Judy Garland—or maybe The Lennon Sisters!

And this is her freckle-faced boy friend, Mal Nebbish, who is really supposed to be Doris Day!

Shhhhh! The show is about to begin!

And here he is—that fantastic new singer . . . TONY DULLARD!

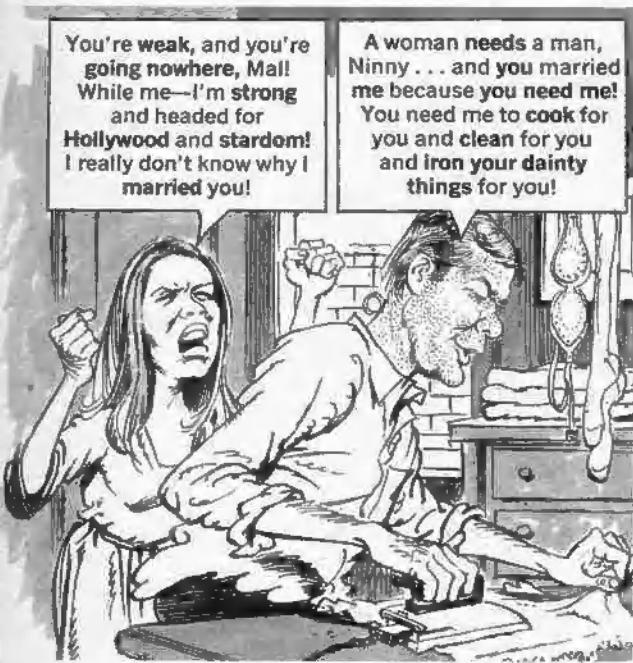
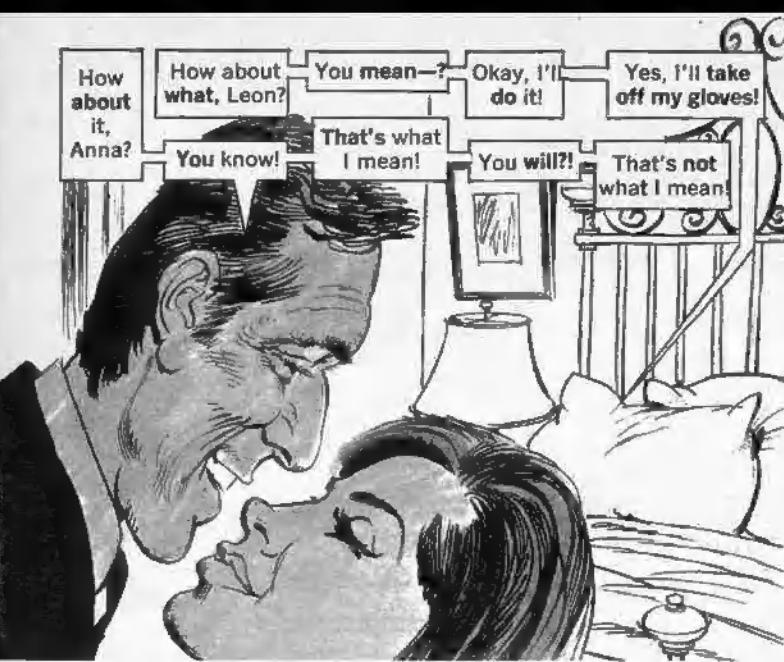
I'd like to dedicate my song to an adorable couple at ringside!

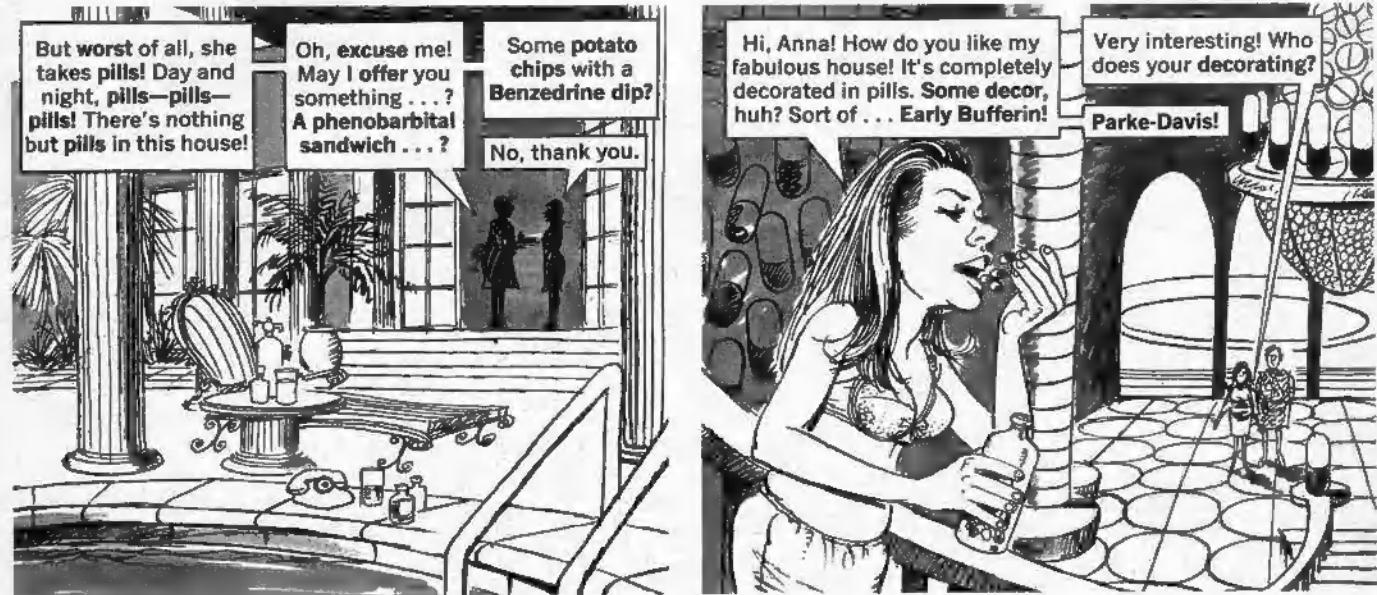
How sweet! He's going to sing to two young people in love!

No, he's going to sing to Juniper Nock there!

But he said a "couple", and she's not a couple! She's—Oh, I see what he means!







It's terrible, doctor. One catastrophe after another. All my friends in Show Biz are meeting with disaster . . . and I don't even know what's become of them!

That is why I summoned you to this sanitarium, Miss Welts! I have a surprise for you in the next room!

Why it's the **WHOLE GANG!** Gee, it's so great to see you all again! Now tell me your afflictions—one at a time . . .

Sure thing, Anna! I have cancer, beriberi, the gout, and a bad case of morning mouth!

I've got pill-poisoning, food-poisoning, drink-poisoning, and a broken baby tooth!

I've got a paranoid-schizophrenic-sado-masochistic-Oedipus-Electra complex . . . compounded by an infected hickey!

I've got woman's problems!



And now, we've got a special surprise for you, Anna . . . We'd like to bring on the sickest one of us all . . .

Here he is—that former star of stage, screen and TV . . . and now a swinging vegetable . . . Tony Dullard!

Wheel right in, Tony, baby . . . and we'll do a duet! Remember this song . . .

Come swing with me . . . Come swing with me . . .



Hold it, everybody! Before we continue shooting the picture, I'd like to present Mr. Jack Valencia, head of the Motion Picture Association, who wants to say a few words to us . . .

Thank you. I merely wanted to say that the scene you've just finished represents the most tasteless moment in the history of the motion picture. But that's what SELLS movies nowadays . . . so keep up the great work!!

Thank you, Mr. Valencia! Okay, everybody—what do you say? Are we gonna top that last scene? You bet we are!

GET READY FOR THE POWDER ROOM SCENE!!

I'm Jackpot Suzanne, author of the book on which this movie is based. I believe I do a "bit" part as a reporter in this scene!

That's right! Can you act, Miss Suzanne?

I can act as well as I can write!

That's what I was afraid of! Okay—let's go!



All right, everybody! This is the big scene where Ninn has her fight with fading stage star, Ellen Lowsey. The fight ends with Ninn grabbing Ellen's wig off her head and throwing it into the John. It's all very symbolic!

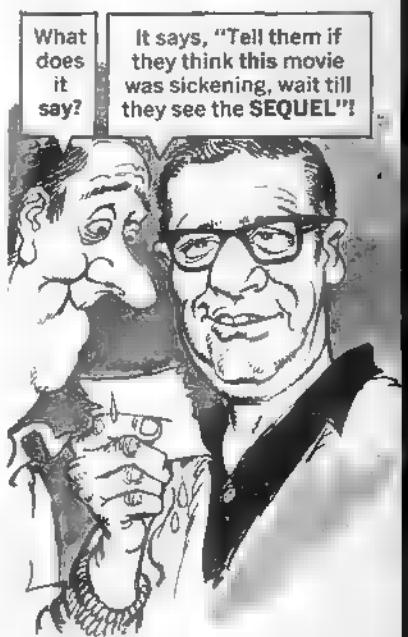
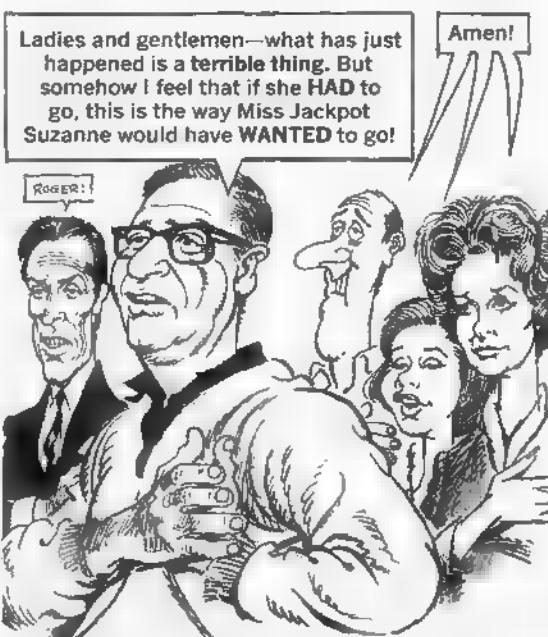


That's it! That's it!

That's it! Now grab her wig and throw it in!

Hold it! Hold it!

CUT!!



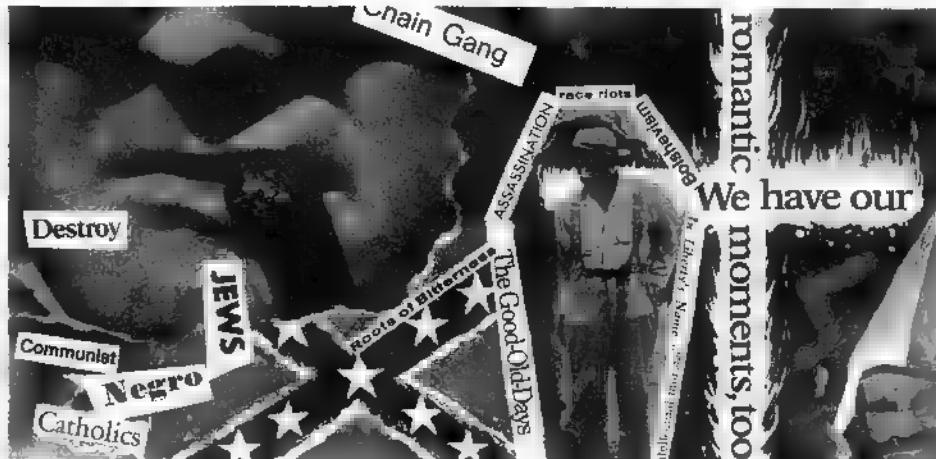
INITIAL DOSAGE DEPT.

The dawn of the "Dope Age" is upon us. Everybody is "turning on." Yes, we said EVERYONE! While hard-core "Hippies" are turning on, using wild

EVERYDAY VARIETIES

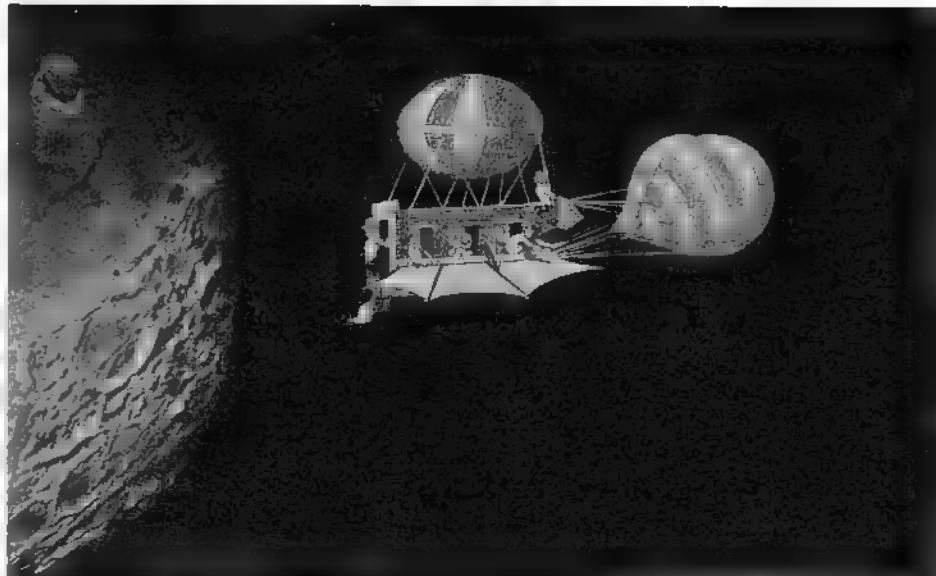
KKK

This extremely difficult-to-swallow cross-shaped pill seems to arrest mental development and induce pyromania, transvestism, and a red neck. Users are particularly sensitive to color, and have strong aversions to all foreign objects. Devotees like to congregate in Southern swamps before taking their mind-blowing "trips".



NASA

A fantastically expensive drug that produces some of the longest trips known to psychedelia. Large groups of devotees must band together to send a single user on a trip. He in turn relates his experiences to the group when he returns. Developers of this type of drug are involved in a heated international competition to produce even more powerful stimulants — the object, apparently, to see which group can send their users on the most "far-out trips".



UFO

A large saucer-shaped pill that first turned up on the West Coast, and has since defied chemical analysis. The drug apparently works through direct stimulation of the optic nerves. User merely observes pill, then lapses into psychotic fantasies about alien beings from outer space. Several devotees of the drug have even related experiences of being swallowed by the pill itself.



new psychedelic drugs with strange names made up of initials—like DMT, LSD, STP and SJ, us plain ordinary “Squares” are turning on with...



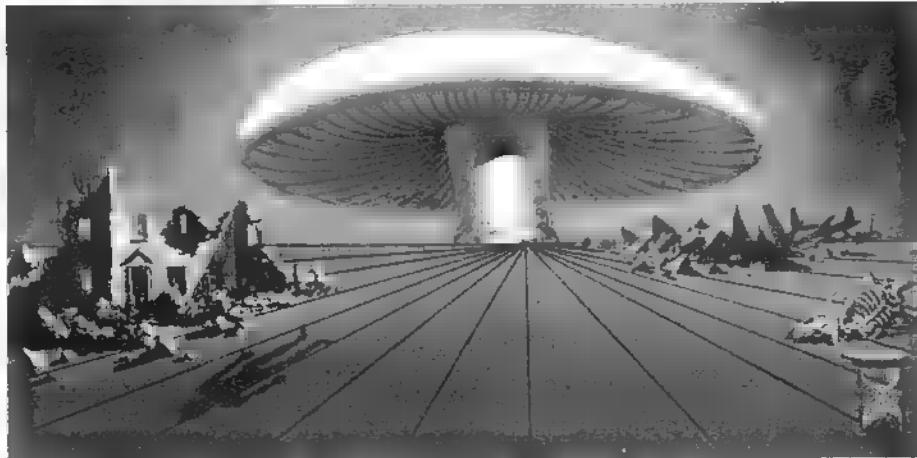
OF PSYCHEDELIC FUN

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

WRITER: MARK BRICKLIN

SAC

A powerful drug which has been kept simmering on the stove for possible use in some future moment of extreme anxiety, this pill is rumored to be capable of producing a quick and awesome high. However, so far, there are no case histories of its actual use, and some cynics have claimed that the taking of SAC would be sheer suicide.



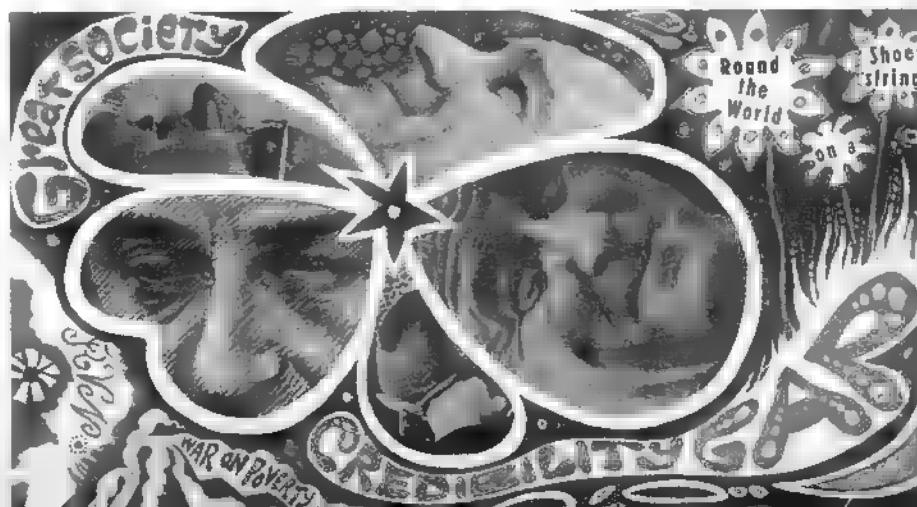
CIA

The appearance and effects of this drug are classified information, and its true structure cannot be broken down under analysis. It seems to be most effective when working in devious ways throughout the system. But its actions are known to be uncontrollable. Its users, whose identities are kept Top Secret, appear to feel that they are not answerable to anyone, and can behave in any way they see fit with perfect immunity. One group using this drug suffered fatal results while tripping in the Bay of Pigs area.



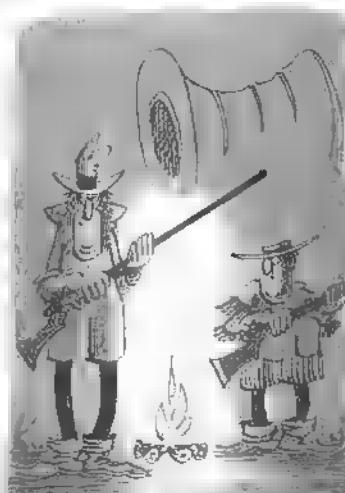
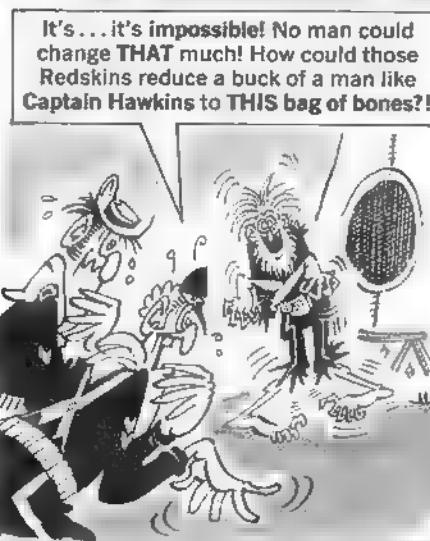
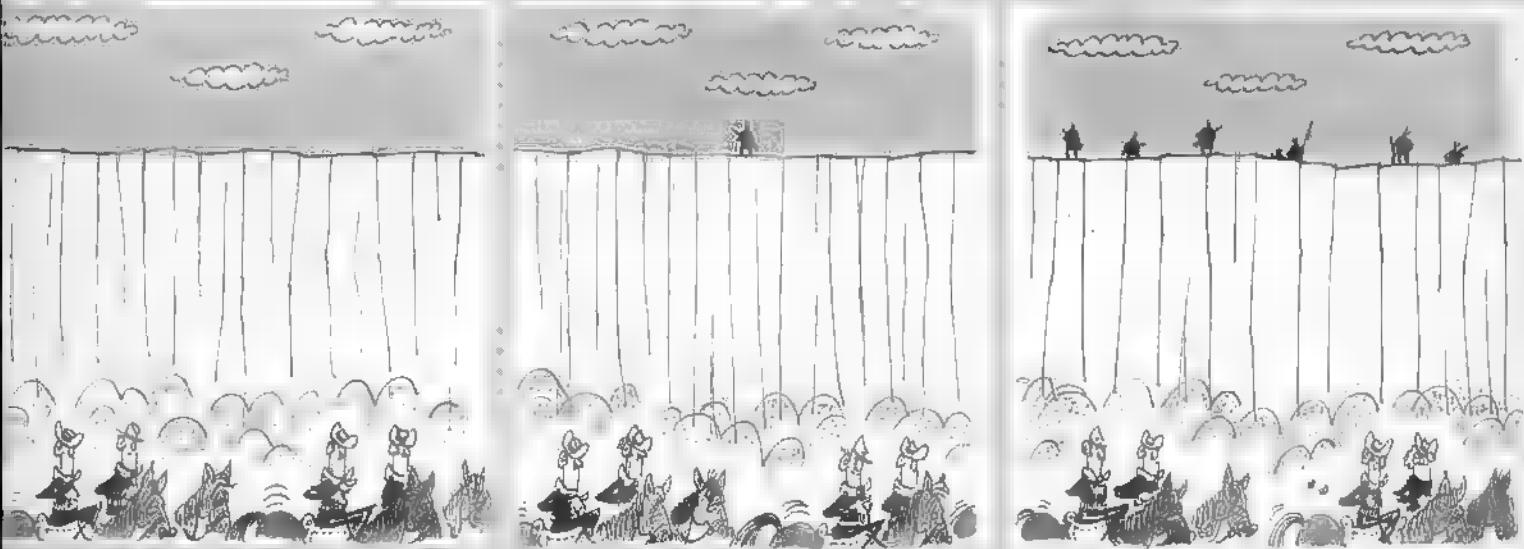
LBJ

This dangerous drug came into use after the untimely discontinuance of the more superior JFK. Regular users found they could suddenly bridge “credibility gaps” and flounder in euphoria, believing that all was well while things were actually decaying around them. Happily, LBJ is being withdrawn from the market, since continued use can lead to nausea and an ultimate switch to even worse GOP drug.

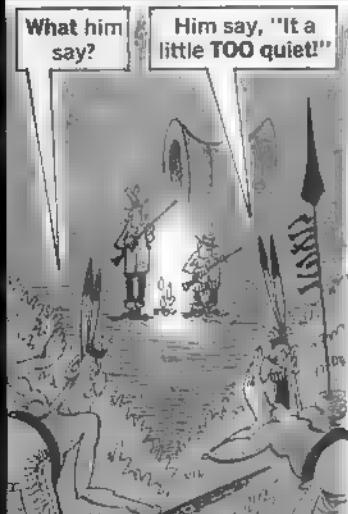
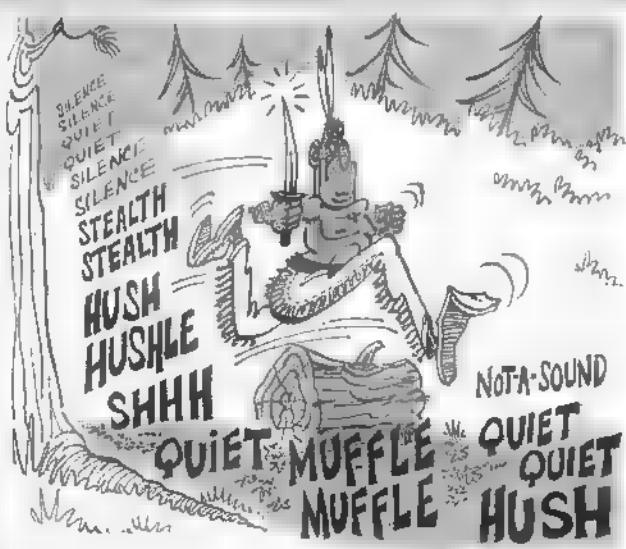
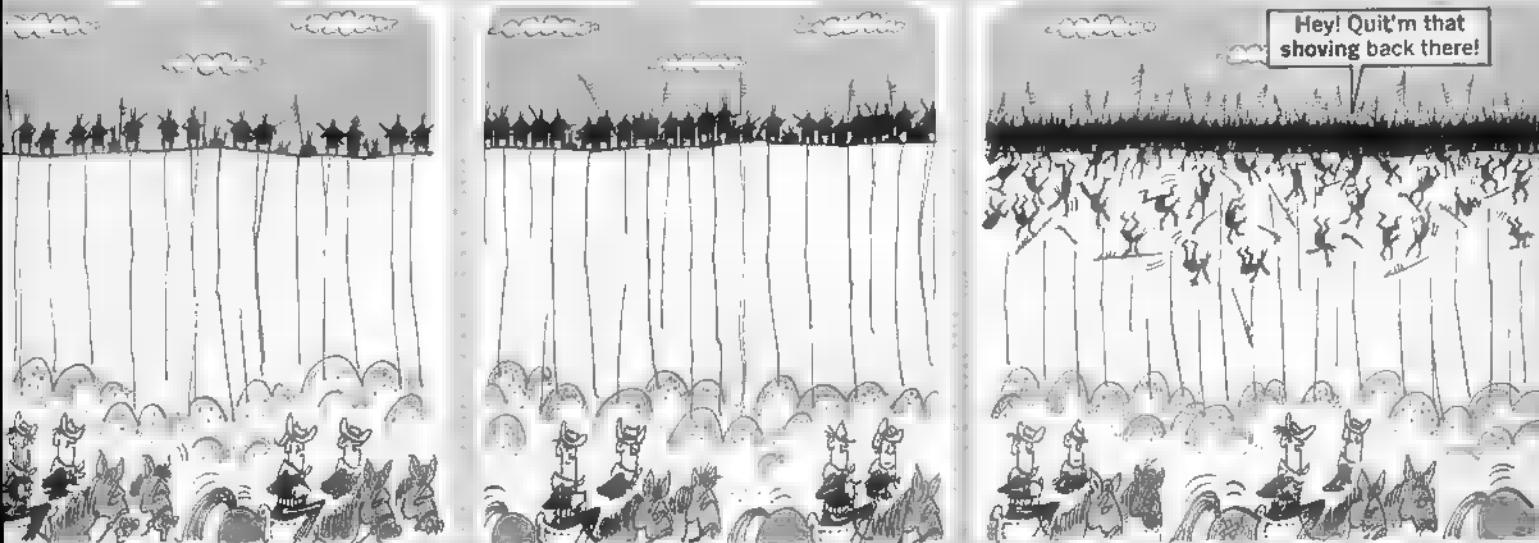


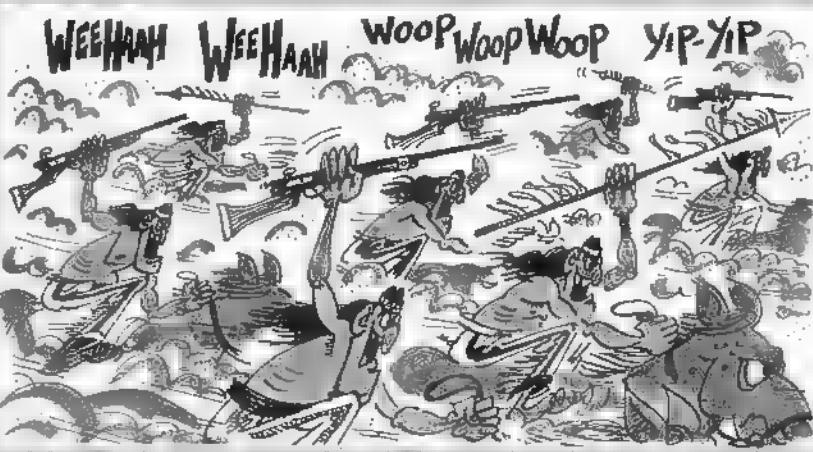
FORKED TONGUE-IN-CHEEK DEPT.

DON MARTIN LOO



KS AT ALL THEM INDIANS





BETTER DEAD THAN WED DEPT.

See Dick.
See Jane.
See Dick and Jane.
See Jane run.
See Dick run.
See Dick run after Jane.
Run, Dick, run.
But be careful.
Because if Jane is caught
You might find yourself reading...

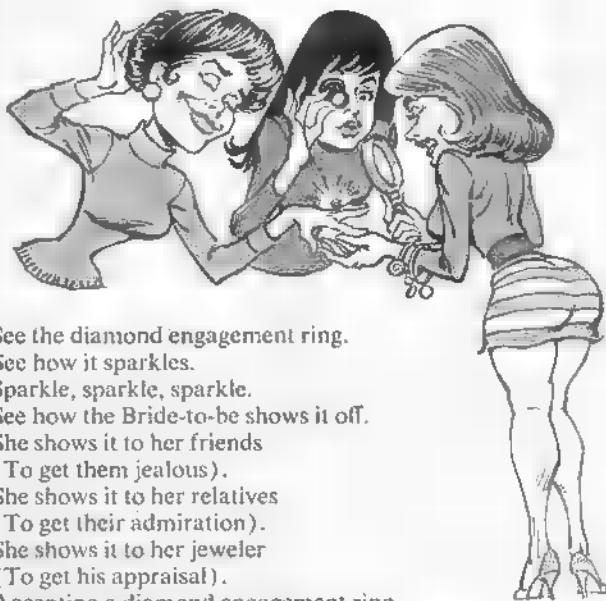


THE MAD Getting Married PRIMER

Illustrated by
Jack Rickard

Written by
Dick De Bartolo

Lesson 1.
The Engagement Ring



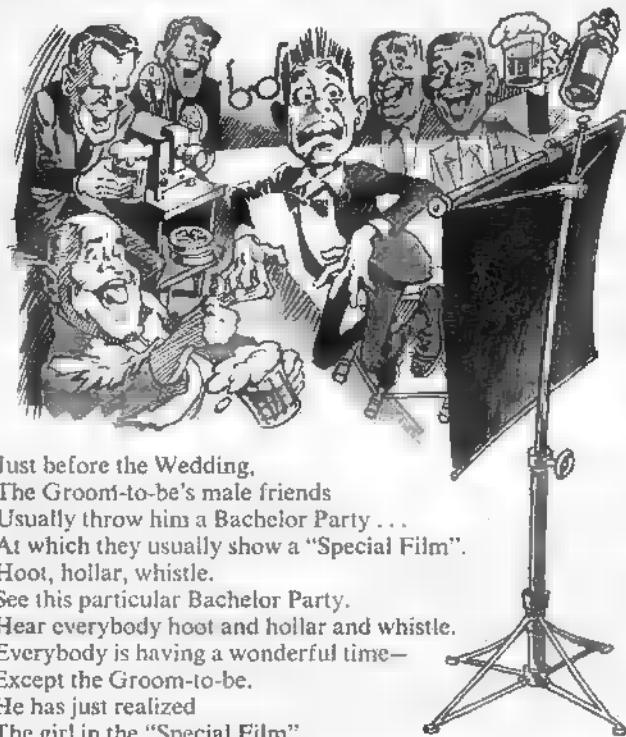
See the diamond engagement ring.
See how it sparkles.
Sparkle, sparkle, sparkle.
See how the Bride-to-be shows it off.
She shows it to her friends
(To get them jealous).
She shows it to her relatives
(To get their admiration).
She shows it to her jeweler
(To get his appraisal).
Accepting a diamond engagement ring
Usually depends upon the approval of all three.
A diamond ring symbolizes a permanent commitment
Between the Groom-to-be and the Bride-to-be.
A diamond ring also symbolizes a permanent commitment
Between the Groom-to-be and the Finance Company.

Lesson 2.
The Wedding Invitations



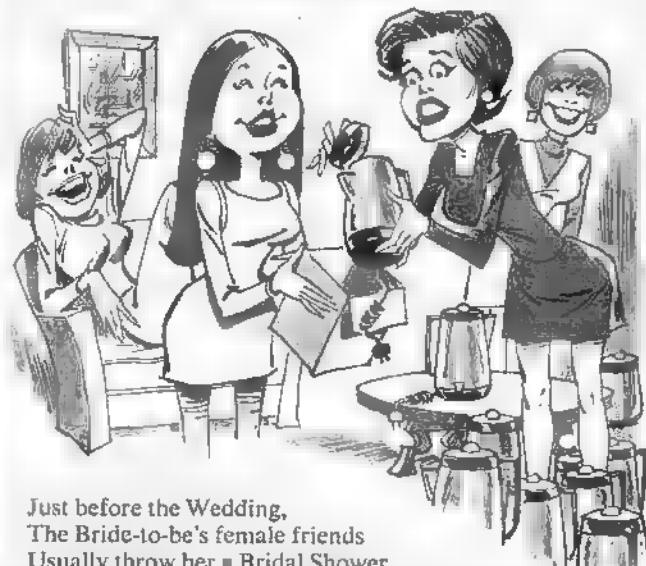
See the Wedding Invitations.
They are black and white.
And cost much green.
Some clearly say:
"We request your presence at the Church . . ."
Others clearly say:
"We request your presence at the Reception . . ."
They all clearly imply:
"We request your presents . . ."
Presents, presents, presents.

Lesson 3. *The Bachelor Party*



Just before the Wedding,
The Groom-to-be's male friends
Usually throw him a Bachelor Party . . .
At which they usually show a "Special Film".
Hoot, hollar, whistle.
See this particular Bachelor Party.
Hear everybody hoot and hollar and whistle.
Everybody is having a wonderful time—
Except the Groom-to-be.
He has just realized
The girl in the "Special Film"
Is his Bride-to-be.

Lesson 4. *The Bridal Shower*



Just before the Wedding,
The Bride-to-be's female friends
Usually throw her a Bridal Shower . . .
At which they usually give her "Useful Items".
Like irons, and hair-dryers, and broilers.
Why are these items "useful" . . .
When the new Bride will be sending her laundry out,
And going to a beauty parlor,
And eating in restaurants every night?
These items will be useful as *gifts*
At *future* Bridal Showers.

Lesson 7. *The Best Man*



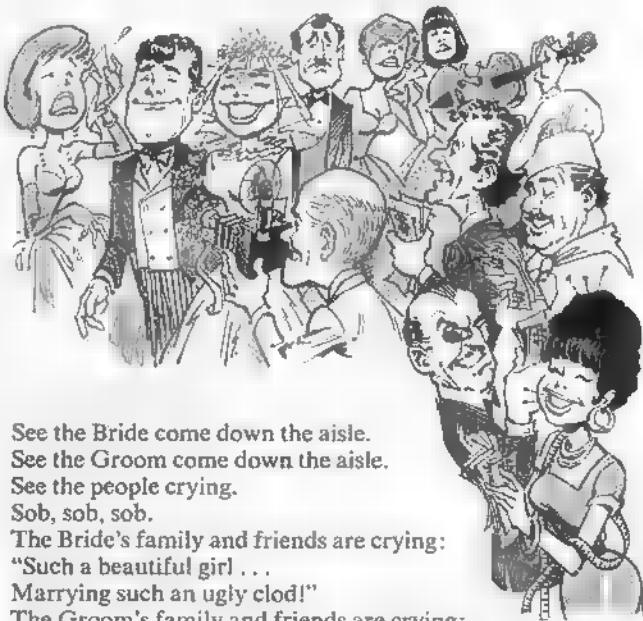
See the Best Man.
He and the Groom were best friends.
They bowled together, and golfed together,
And drank together, and played cards together.
Today is the last time they will ever see each other.
But there will still be bowling, and golfing,
And drinking, and playing cards.
Except that the Groom will be working
While the Bride will be doing them.

Lesson 8. *The Bouquet*



See the Bride throw her Bouquet.
See all the Bridesmaids run.
Run, run, run.
See the woman in front catch the Bouquet.
She couldn't get out of the way in time.
According to tradition, the *next* one to marry
Will be the Bride's High School Teacher:
Sister Maria Theresa.

Lesson 5. The Well-Wishers



See the Bride come down the aisle.
See the Groom come down the aisle.
See the people crying.
Sob, sob, sob.
The Bride's family and friends are crying:
"Such a beautiful girl . . ."
Marrying such an ugly clod!"
The Groom's family and friends are crying:
"Such a handsome man . . ."
Marrying such an ugly witch!"
Some people are so unhappy at weddings.
Then there are people who are *extremely* happy at weddings:
The Caterer, the Minister, the Florist, the Printer, the Jeweler,
The Dressmaker, the Orchestra, the Photographer, etc. etc.

Lesson 6.

The Wedding Ceremony



See the Minister conducting the Wedding Ceremony.
He says:
"Do you take this man to be your lawfully wedded husband?"
The Bride answers:
"I do."
He asks:
"Do you take this woman to be your lawfully wedded wife?"
The Groom answers:
"I do."
This is the last time the Bride and Groom will
agree on anything.
The Minister asks if there are any reasons
Why these two should not be joined in Holy Matrimony.
Too bad the question isn't asked a *year* from now.
There'll be *plenty* of reasons.

Lesson 9. The Wedding Reception



See the Wedding Reception.
Everyone is dancing and drinking and eating like crazy.
You have to dance and drink and eat an awful lot
To cover the cost of a \$50.00 wedding gift.
See the Bride eating a piece of Wedding Cake.
This is her 17th piece.
She has finally gained a husband.
And lost a diet.

Lesson 10. The Getaway



See the Wedding Couple dancing with friends
And laughing with relatives,
And having a wonderful time at the Reception.
In the old days, the Bride and Groom
Would be anxious to make their Getaway,
So they could rush to a Honeymoon Retreat.
Rush, rush, rush.
Nowadays, the Bride and Groom
Are usually the last to leave the Reception.
They're not *that* anxious to rush to a Honeymoon Retreat
When they've been living together for the past two years.
Blush, blush, blush.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF SWIMMING

Hi, Mrs. De Salvo!
Is Bobby home?

He's out
in back!

Hi, Bobby! Whatchya
wanna do today?

It must be
nice to have
your own
pool, you
lucky stiff!

Yeah, it's
nice. But
it's also
a lot of
work!

I've got to test
the water a couple of times
a day by taking a sample,
pouring in a chemical, and
matching the color . . .

. . . and I've got
to add chlorine
and some other
stuff that gets
rid of algae . . .

Yeah, but
think of
all the
FUN, you
lucky stiff!

Oh, it's fun. But I've got
to skim the water to remove
the leaves and bugs! And
I've got to clean out the
filter by backwashing it!

I even have a
special vacuum
for cleaning
the bottom of
the pool!

Let's see—what did the
swimming instructor say
about diving? "Hands
together over head . . ."

"Take a slight spring
on the board . . . keep
the legs straight and
the toes together . . ."

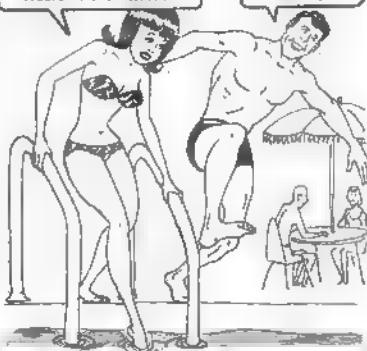
"Enter the water with a
slightly arched back—"
Okay! I think I got it!
Now . . . here goes . . ."

INC POOLS

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG

BRRR! This water is ice cold! I'll have to slip in gradually and get used to it—a little at a time!

Don't be ridiculous! Let me show you how to do it!



See? You've got to get yourself wet all at once!

C'mon! Now YOU try it!

Wh-What F-F-FOR?! Y-You've already t-t-taken c-c-care of th-that little m-matter!



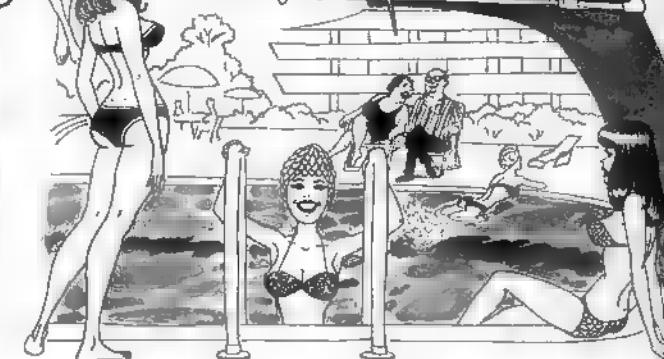
C'mon! Let's take a swim in your pool, you lucky stiff!

No, thanks!
Why not?
I'm too stiff!



Listen, I distinctly told you that I want a reservation at a motel that has a pool! If you can't get me one with a pool, then I'll just have to get me another travel agent!

Frankly, I don't understand why you insisted on a motel with a pool when you don't even swim!



Boy, this is fun!

Hey, Kid! What's the fun of wearing a face mask in a swimming pool?

You can see everything so clear!



Oh, yeah? Let me borrow your mask so I can see what you're talking about?



SUSAN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING
IN THE DEEP END OF THE POOL?!
GET OUT THIS INSTANT!

It's about time you
noticed! I was beginning
to think you didn't care!

THE POOL IS CLOSING!
EVERYBODY OUT OF THE
POOL! C'MON! LET'S GO!

Hey,
push
me
in!
Why
should
I push
you in?

Oh, boy! The pool is
practically empty! Now
I can swim uninhibited!
When it's crowded, you
keep bumping into people!

This reminds me of a story
about when the automobile
was first invented. There
were only two cars in the
whole state of Kansas, and—

—they bumped
into each other!

SWIMMERS—
TAKE YOUR
MARKS!

Oh, boy, am I in great form
today! I didn't know I was
THIS good! There's nobody
near me! I'm a sure winner!

I'll probably break a record! Let's see
—I'll put the cup on the fireplace
mantle, or in my room, and I'll buy a
scrapbook so I can paste in my clippings—

Being a Life Guard at a pool
is a bore! All I do is tell
kids not to swim in the Diving
Area, and stop running, and
cut out the rough-house stuff!

Hey! There's a guy lying on
the bottom of the pool! H-He
isn't moving! Here's my chance
to be a hero and earn my keep!

YOU LUNKHEAD! WHAT IN HECK
DID YOU DO THAT FOR?! IF
I WOULD'VE STAYED UNDER
FOR ANOTHER FOUR SECONDS,
I WOULD'VE WON THE BET!!

LIFEGUARD

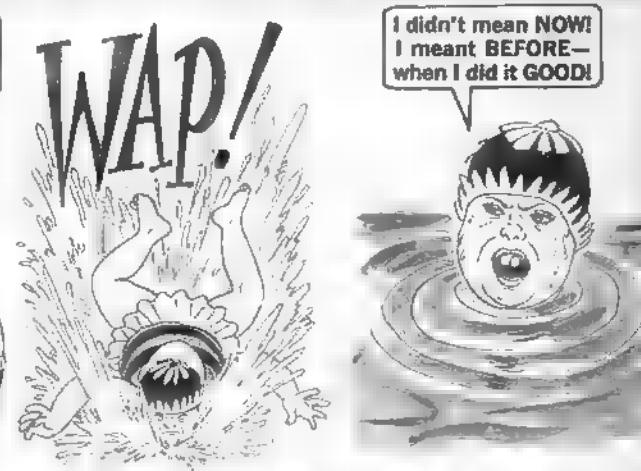
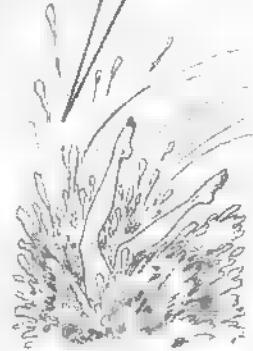
Don't ask
questions!
Just push
me in!

Okay! Okay!
Consider
yourself
pushed in!

YAH!

HEY! I SAID "EVERYBODY OUT
OF THE POOL!" THAT GOES
FOR YOU, TOO, DEBBIE SANDS!!

HE
PUSHED
ME IN!



Mmmm—this is delicious!
There's just nothing like
lolling in your own cool
pool on a sweltering day!

Man, this is the life!

OKAY, BIG SPENDER!! GET OUT OF
THERE AND LET YOUR KIDS IN!!



HITTING BELOW THE BLACK BELT DEPT.

TODAY, MORE THAN EVER BEFORE, PEOPLE ARE INTERESTED IN LEARNING TO DEFEND THEMSELVES. IF YOU'RE LIKE THE REST OF US, YOU PROBABLY HAVE SOME BIG LUG WHO'S ALWAYS BULLYING YOU. WELL, ISN'T IT TIME YOU STOOD UP TO YOUR WIFE? THERE ARE DOZENS OF BOOKS ON THE MARKET

SELF-DEFENSE FOR LITTLE OLD LADIES

HOW TO WHIP THAT YOUNG WHIPPERSNAPPER

• Seven Defense Devices You Can Hide In Your Orthopedic Shoes

• HOW TO KNIT A 20-POUND CHAIN INTO YOUR SHAWL

• A Concealed Hat Pin: Your Most Cherished Defense Weapon

• HOW TO BITE A MUGGER WITHOUT LEAVING YOUR FALSE TEETH IN HIS ARM

• Build Your Own Bullet-Proof Corset

18 TERRIBLE THINGS YOU CAN DO WITH AN UMBRELLA



MORE SPE SELF-DEF



ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO

Self-Defense For POLICEMEN

12 WAYS ■ STOP A CRIMINAL WITH JUST ONE FINGER (Your Trigger Finger)

HOW TO DEFEND YOURSELF AGAINST ONE ATTACKER

How To Defend Yourself Against One Attacker With A Crowd Of 500 Watching

HOW TO DEFEND YOURSELF AGAINST 501 ATTACKERS

The Only Sure Way To Avoid A Riot: GO OFF DUTY!

18 WAYS TO DEFEND YOURSELF AGAINST ■ IRATE LITTLE OLD LADY WITH AN UMBRELLA



Self-Defense For TEENY-BOPPERS

IF A THUG GRABS FOR YOUR PURSE...LET HIM HAVE IT!
(He Deserves The Hernia)

□□□
How To Defend Yourself Against Your Boyfriend ... Or An Octopus

□□□
TEN THINGS TO SAY TO FRESH GUYS WHO WHISTLE AT YOU

□□□
15 Streets Where You Can Find Fresh Guys To Whistle At You

□□□
GET THE EFFECT OF BRASS KNUCKLES WITH 4 FRIENDSHIP RINGS

□□□
How To Hide A Mini-Knife Under Your Mini-Skirt

□□□
THE BEST DEFENSE: RUN FASTER THAN YOUR NYLONS



DEALING WITH SELF-DEFENSE. MANY OF THEM ARE EVEN BROKEN DOWN INTO CATEGORIES, SUCH AS "SELF-DEFENSE FOR MEN", "SELF-DEFENSE FOR WOMEN", "SELF-DEFENSE FOR BOYS", AND SO ON. WELL, MAD WOULD LIKE TO ADD TO THIS RIDICULOUS COLLECTION OF "SELF-DEFENSE BOOKS" WITH

SEXUALIZED SELF-DEFENSE BOOKS



WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

Self-Defense For TINY TOTS

IT'S YOUR ICE CREAM—DEFEND IT!

A Collection Of Punches & Blocks
That Only Use Your Free Hand

CONVERT YOUR CAP PISTOL
INTO THE REAL THING

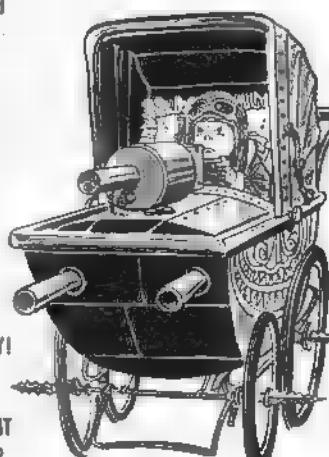
Seven Self-Defense Methods
You Can Practice On Your
Barbie Doll

BITE SCRATCH AND KICK!
You're A Kid, And You're
Not Expected To Fight Fair!

ALWAYS CARRY EXTRA CANDY!
Every Bully Has His Price!

CONVINCING YOUR ASSAILANT
YOU'VE GOT A BIG BROTHER

When All Else Fails . . . Cry!



SELF-DEFENSE FOR HOUSEWIVES



HOW TO GIVE A GOOD KARATE CHOP TO A
BUTCHER WHO GAVE YOU A BAD PORK CHOP

Sex Appeal: Your Most Valuable Weapon For
Avoiding A Traffic Ticket

HOW TO AVOID A TRAFFIC TICKET . . .
AND A MORALS CHARGE

Self Defense Against White Tornadoes, Giants In
Washers, Witches, Flying Maids, White Knights
and Gabby Lady Plumbers



Self-Defense For ANIMAL LOVERS

HOW TO EAT A STEAK DINNER
SAFELY WHEN YOU OWN
THREE DOBERMAN PINSCHERS

4 Effective Judo Holds
You Can Use On A
Depraved Parakeet

BEING ATTACKED BY A
LAUGHING HYENA IS NOT
AS FUNNY AS IT SOUNDS

How To Deal With A Goldfish
Who's Been Watching Movies
About Barracudas On TV

PUTTING THE CAT OUT WHEN
HE DOESN'T WANT TO GO

How To Defend Yourself Against
Two-er-Six-er-Eighteen-er
—Seventy-Two-Crazed Rabbits

7 WAYS TO RELAX AND UNWIND
A NERVOUS BOA CONstrictor

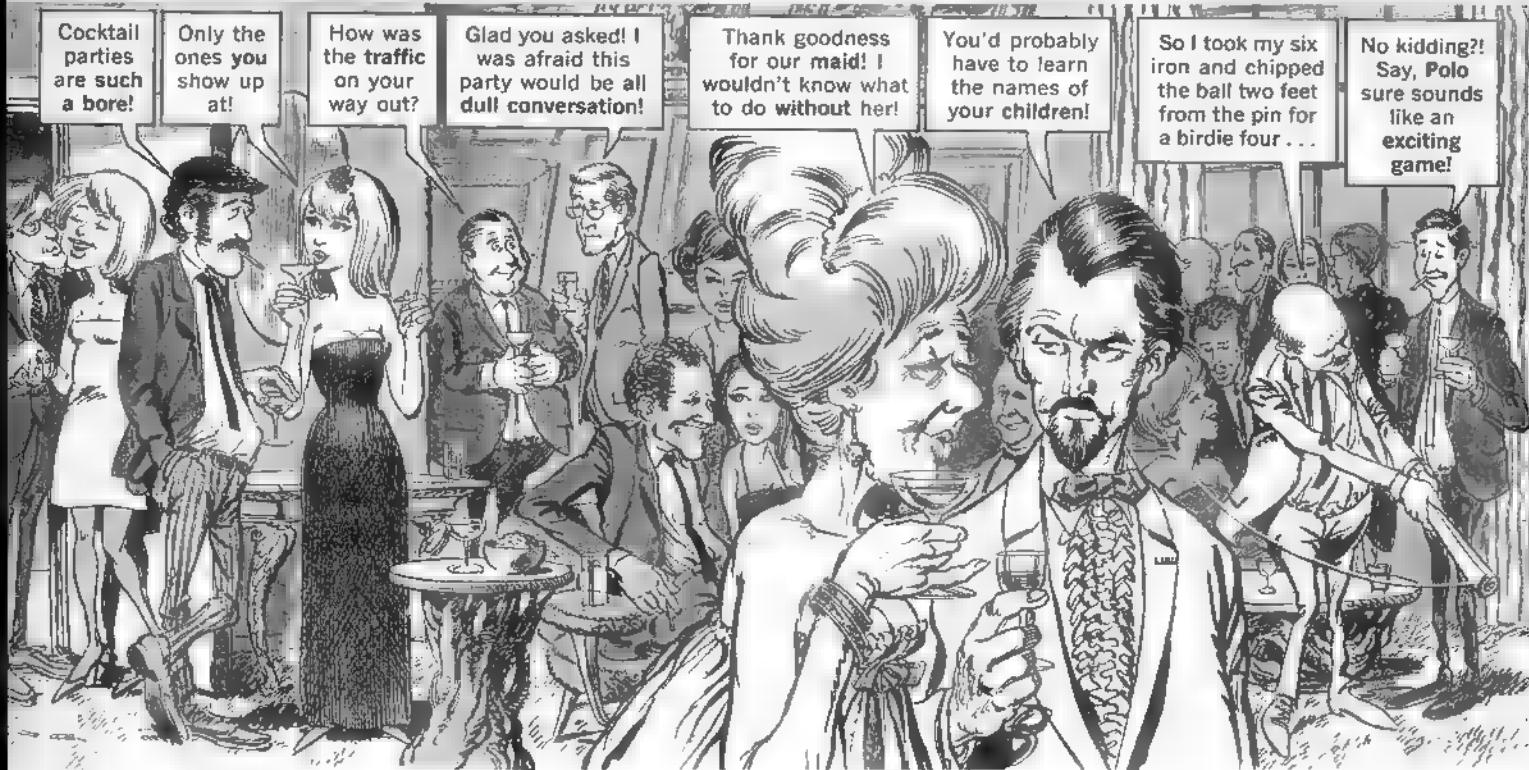


PUT YOUR FUNNY WHERE YOUR MOUTH IS DEPT.

Victims of "Cliche Conversation" . . . unite! You have nothing to lose but your utter boredom! Yes, here's your chance to strike back! Unfortunately, you will probably end up with nobody talking to you once you start using:

MAD'S "CLICHE"

AT A COCKTAIL PARTY



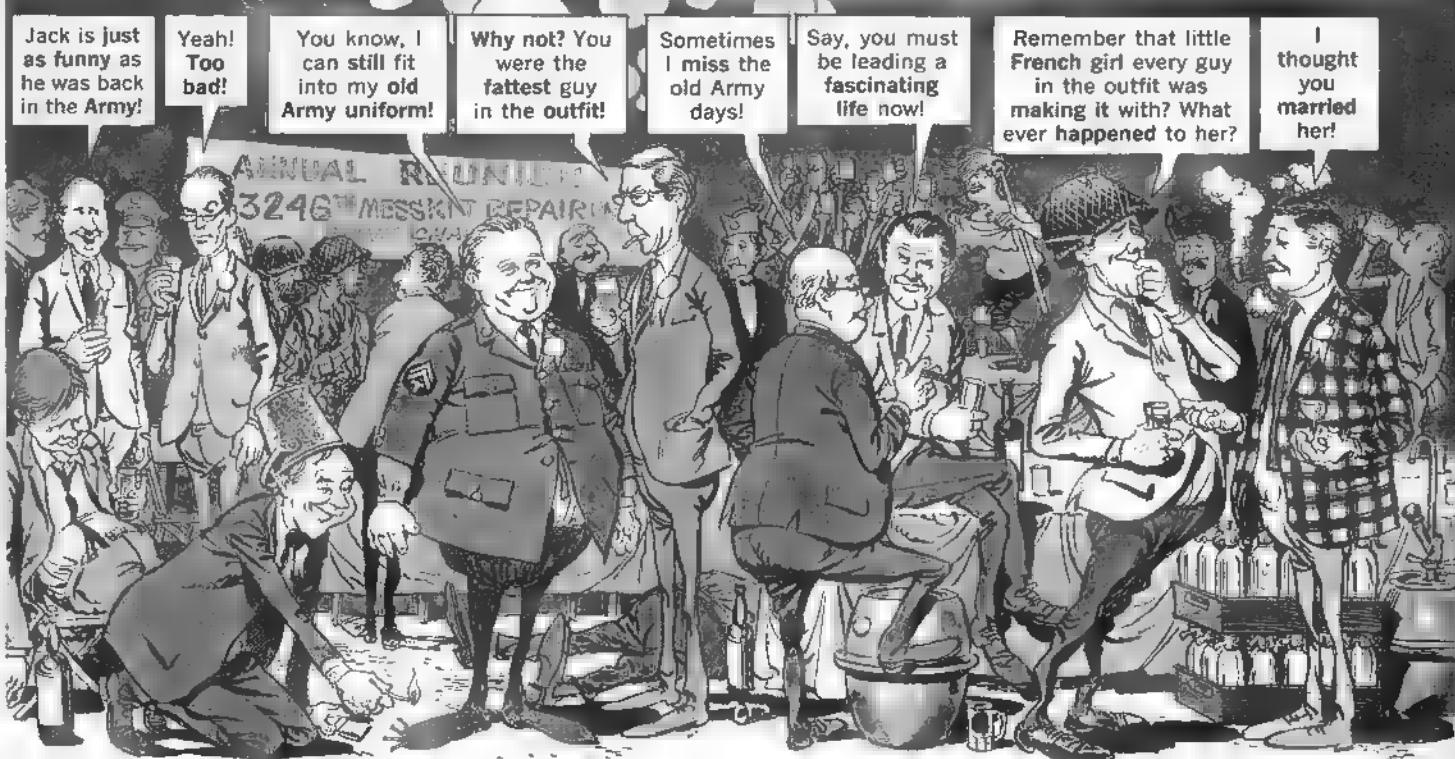
AT A SURPRISE PARTY



CONVERSATION" KILLERS

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: STAN HART

AT A REUNION PARTY



And not only them . . . but you, too!

How did you feel when everyone yelled, "Surprise"?

Sick to my stomach!

I simply adore a surprise!

Really? Then you'll love this one. We have no liquor!

I'll bet you never thought you'd be at a wonderful party tonight!

That's right! And I still don't think so now!



AT A DINNER PARTY



IN A DOCTOR'S OFFICE



IN AN ART MUSEUM



HITS, RUNS AND AN ERA DEPT.

Why in heck is it called "Sandlot Baseball"? We usually played it in a weedy field—or a muddy tract—or a paved schoolyard! One thing's for certain, we *never* played on *sand*! In fact, the young people's whole approach to America's national pastime was very different back then. We'll show you what we mean as MAD takes

A Nostalgic Look At SANDLOT BASEBALL

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

WRITER: DEAN NORMAN

Before any game, we had to mark out the "Diamond" . . .

That tree is first base—
That hole Billy is standing in is second base—
Jerry's dog is third base—unless he moves—
And this Crackerjack box will be home plate—as soon as I finish the Crackerjacks!



Next, we had to choose up sides—and then you really found out how you rated with your buddies!

Aw, we don't want him! You can have him!

Okay! If we gotta take him, you gotta give us a good guy, too!

Why don't we let him pitch for both sides? That would be even!

Yeah, but whoever bats second would never get to bat!



It was settled by letting the team that had to take you be the first side to bat. Then the other team took the field and spent the next half hour arguing over who would play what position . . .

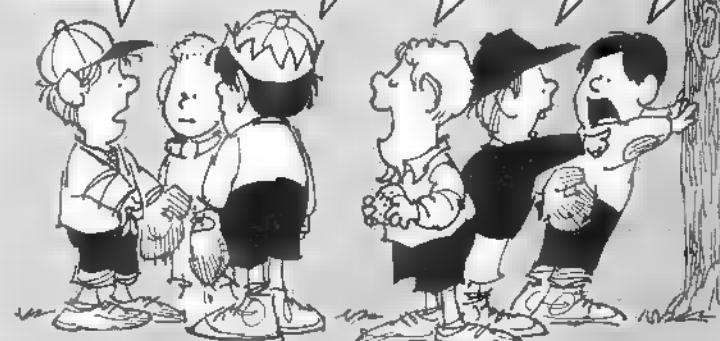
Somebody's got to play right field! We can't ALL play left field!

Why not? Nobody ever hits to right field anyway!

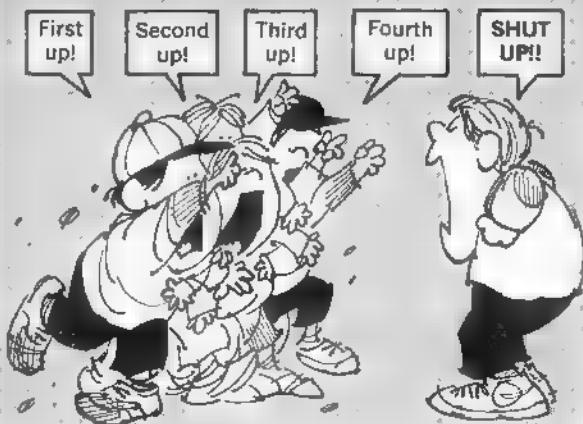
I'm pitcher 'cause it's my ball!

I got first base!

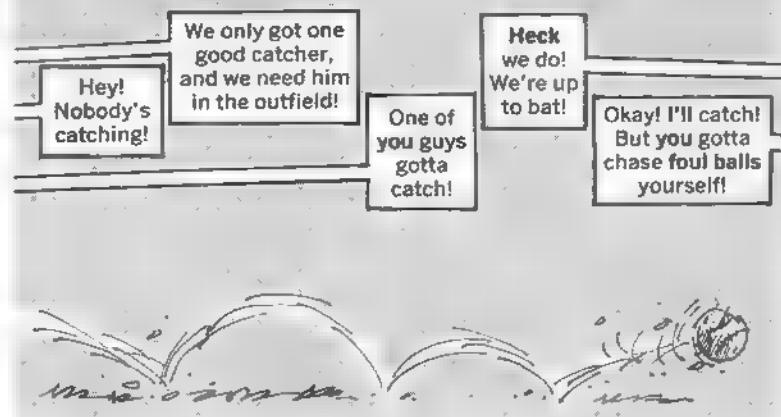
I said "I got first" first!



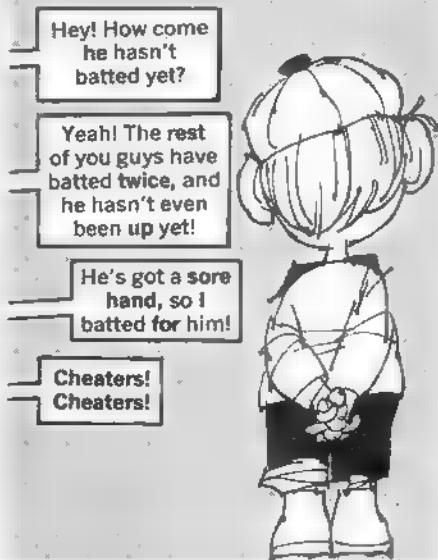
... meanwhile, your side was fighting over the batting order!



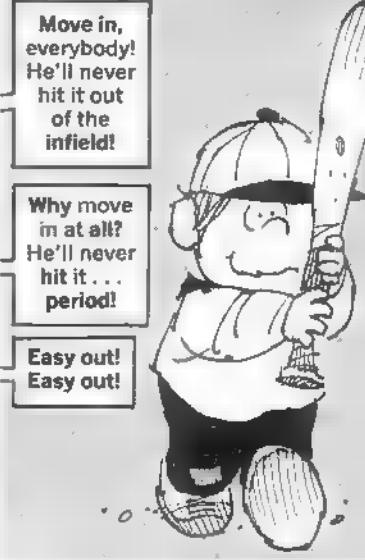
Finally, the lineups were settled and the game began. That's when the team at field discovered they didn't have a catcher!



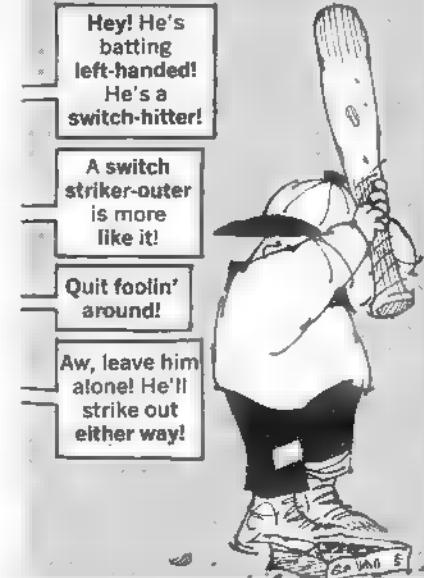
After your team had batted around a couple of times, the other team remembered that you hadn't been up.



The other team threatened to quit and go home, so your teammates finally gave in and agreed to let you bat . . .



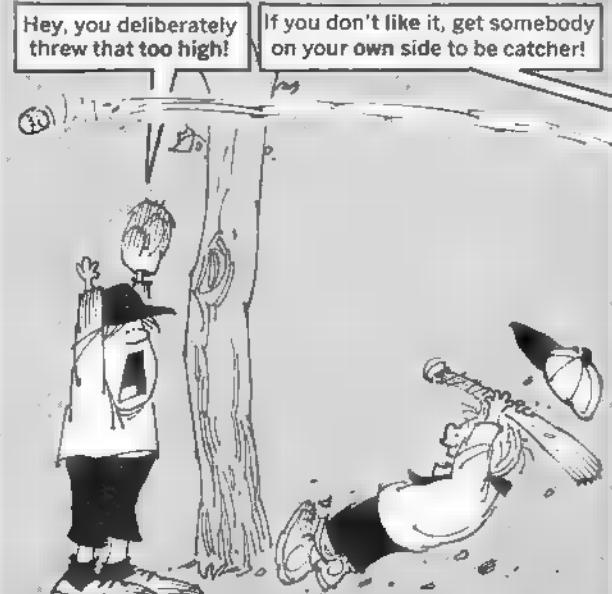
And so, just to shake them up, you decided to bat left-handed:



But to the amazement of everyone, this was the day you ACTUALLY HIT THE BALL . . .



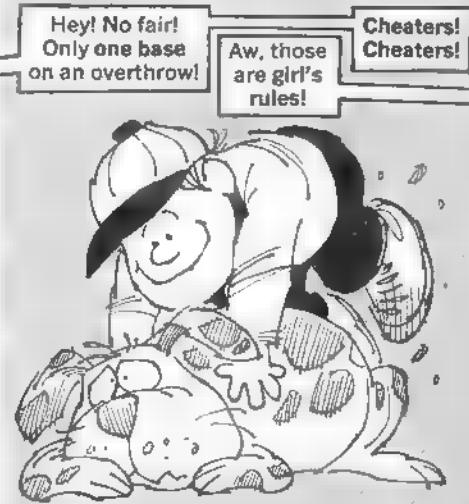
You ran to first base and slid under the throw . . .



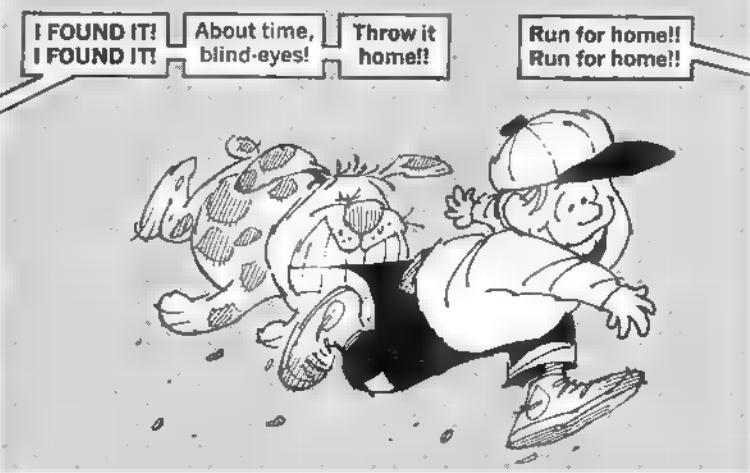
While the other side was trying to find the ball in the bushes, you ran to second base.



Then you ran to third base and started a rhubarb . . .



After about ten minutes of arguing, the biggest guy decided you could take as many bases as you wanted on an overthrow. (He also happened to be the captain of your team!) Then, just as the other team found the ball, you were coached to try for home.



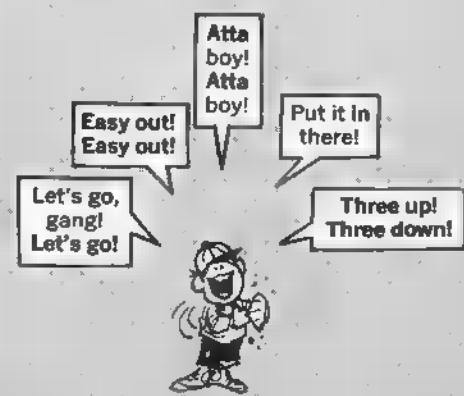
You beat the throw to the plate by a nose, but you would've scored anyway, 'cause there was no catcher.



Finally, after your team had batted around three more times (and you struck out each time—twice left-handed and once right-handed), it was your turn to take the field. Your team decided that right field was the safest place to put you . . .



Even though nobody could hear you way out there in right field, you kept up a lively round of chatter.



The other team batted around, and after a while your mind sort of wandered. Then, all of a sudden, you heard your teammates shouting at you. The best batter on the other team had crossed them up by batting left-handed, and he'd hit a long fly ball to right field!

WAKE UP OUT THERE!

CATCH IT! CATCH IT!



Then you realized that it was dropping in front of you, so you ran back in . . .

CATCH IT!
CATCH IT!

HE'LL
NEVER
CATCH IT!



At first, you thought the ball was going way back over your head, and so you ran out . . .

HE CAUGHT IT!!

I don't
believe it!

THAT'S NOT
FAIR! He never
caught one before!

CHEATERS!
CHEATERS!

WE WIN!
WE WIN!!

That's only the
first inning!

Yeah, but it's
time for supper!

So we'll continue
tomorrow! It's
31 to 28—our favor!



And so, even though you were the star of the game, you were modest about it . . . until you got home!

HEY, DAD! I HIT A HOMERUN
... AND I CAUGHT BILLY'S
LONG FLY . . . AND I WON
THE GAME FOR OUR SIDE!

Nice going,
Son! Maybe
you'll be a
Big League
Ballplayer
someday
after all!



Well, that's how "Sandlot Baseball" was. If you were a kid today, it would be a lot different. You'd play in a "Little League" and wear a real uniform and use real equipment like balls with covers and bases for bases. And you wouldn't waste a lot of time standing around and arguing, because grown-ups would be organizing and supervising your games. But there's one thing you might not like about it, though. You still wouldn't get to play . . . because you'd still be the worst player in the neighborhood!

Atta
boy!
Atta
boy!

Let's go,
gang!
Let's go!

Put it in
there!

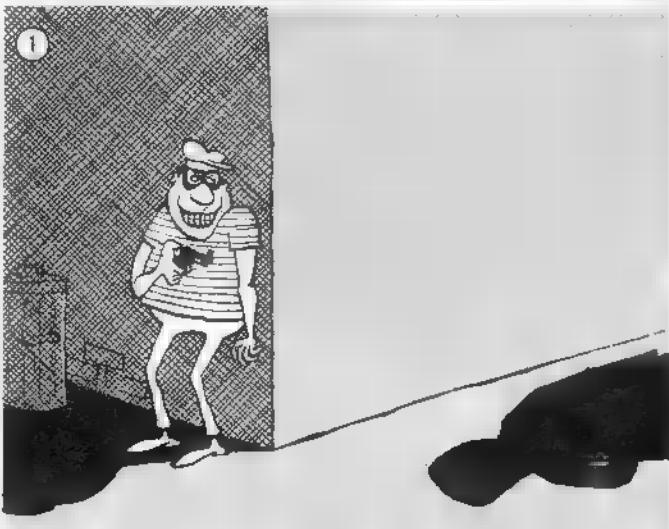
Easy out!
Easy out!

Three up!
Three down!

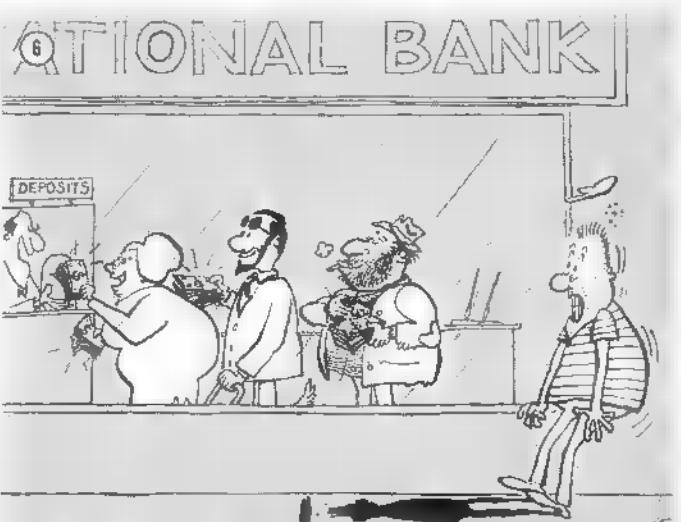
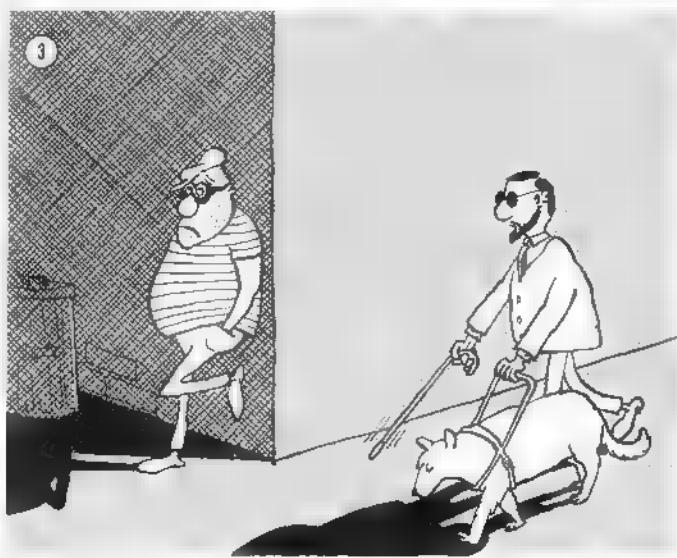


ROBBIN' HOOD-WINKED DEPT.

ALLEY-OOPS!



ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES



Aragones

SOUR NOTES DEPT.

For hundreds of years, folk singers have been composing ditties to voice their criticism of the way the world is being run. But not until recently did protest songs suddenly zoom to the top on music popularity charts. Unfortunately, the phenomenon may

New "Protests" To

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

The TV Victim's Lament

(Sung to the tune of "Blowin' in the Wind")



How many times must a guy spray with Ban
Before he doesn't offend?
And how many times must he gargle each day
Before he can talk to a friend?
How many tubes of shampoo must he buy
Before his dandruff will end?
The sponsors, my friend, will sell you all they can.
The sponsors will sell you all they can.

How many times must a man use Gillette
Before shaving won't make him bleed?
And how many cartons of Kents must he smoke
Before the girls all pay him heed?
How many products must one person buy
Before he has all that he'll need?
The sponsors, my friend, will sell you all they can.
The sponsors will sell you all they can.

How many times must a gal clean her sink
Before Ajax scours that stain,
And how many times must she rub in Ben-Gay
Before she can rub out the pain?
How many ads on TV must we watch
Before we are driven insane?
The sponsors, my friend, will broadcast all they can.
The sponsors will broadcast all they can!

The Smog Breathers' Final Gasp

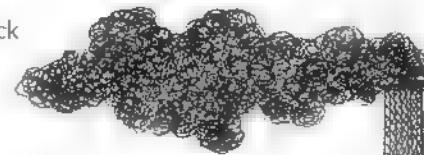
(Sung to the tune of "The Midnight Special")

See the steel mill furnace
Belch its smoke at me,
While I inhale deeply
'Til I'm ready for lung surgery.



Now, you wake up in the morning, and you strangle like mad.
Poison's blowing in the window, and you're feeling kind of bad.
Tongue's all coated gold with sulphur; both your eyes are bright
You're a lovely blend of colors, but before long you'll be dead.

Still, the steel mill smokestack
Blows its crud at me,
Causing awful headaches
Plus assorted other misery.

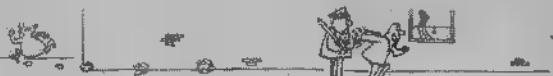


City Hall is swamped with letters. "Clean the air," they all say.
But the mayor's secretary quickly files them all away.
No dough's left to fight pollution, so don't bother to grouse;
It all went to air condition every politician's house.

So just let that smokestack
Belch its fumes at me.
Since it's good for business,
I'll lie down and conk out quietly.



not last long. This generation's angry young protest singers are beginning to show a definite need for new material. And so it is that MAD rushes forward to keep a good thing going (or kill it off completely) by presenting this inspired array of . . .

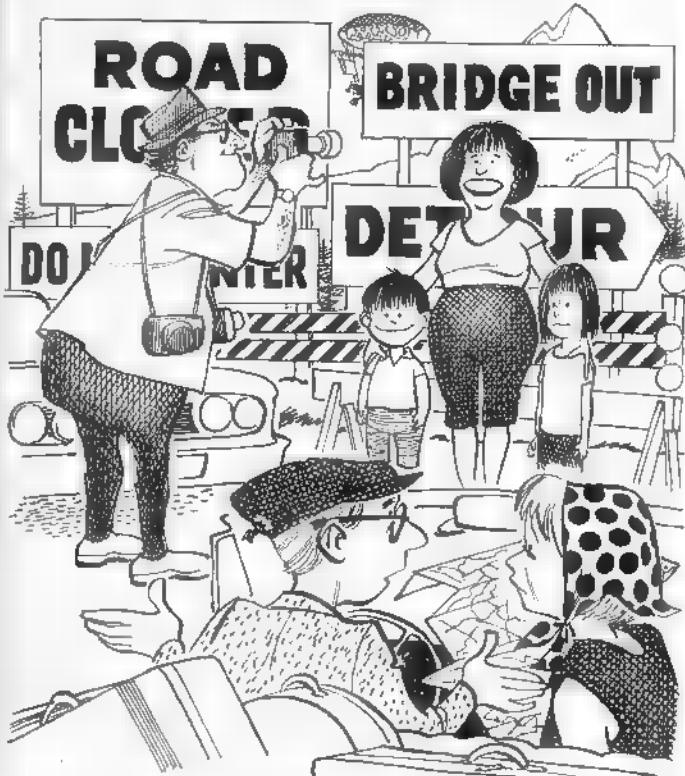


The Same Old Tunes

WRITER: TOM KOCH

Peeved At Obstructions

(Sung to the tune of "Eve of Destruction")



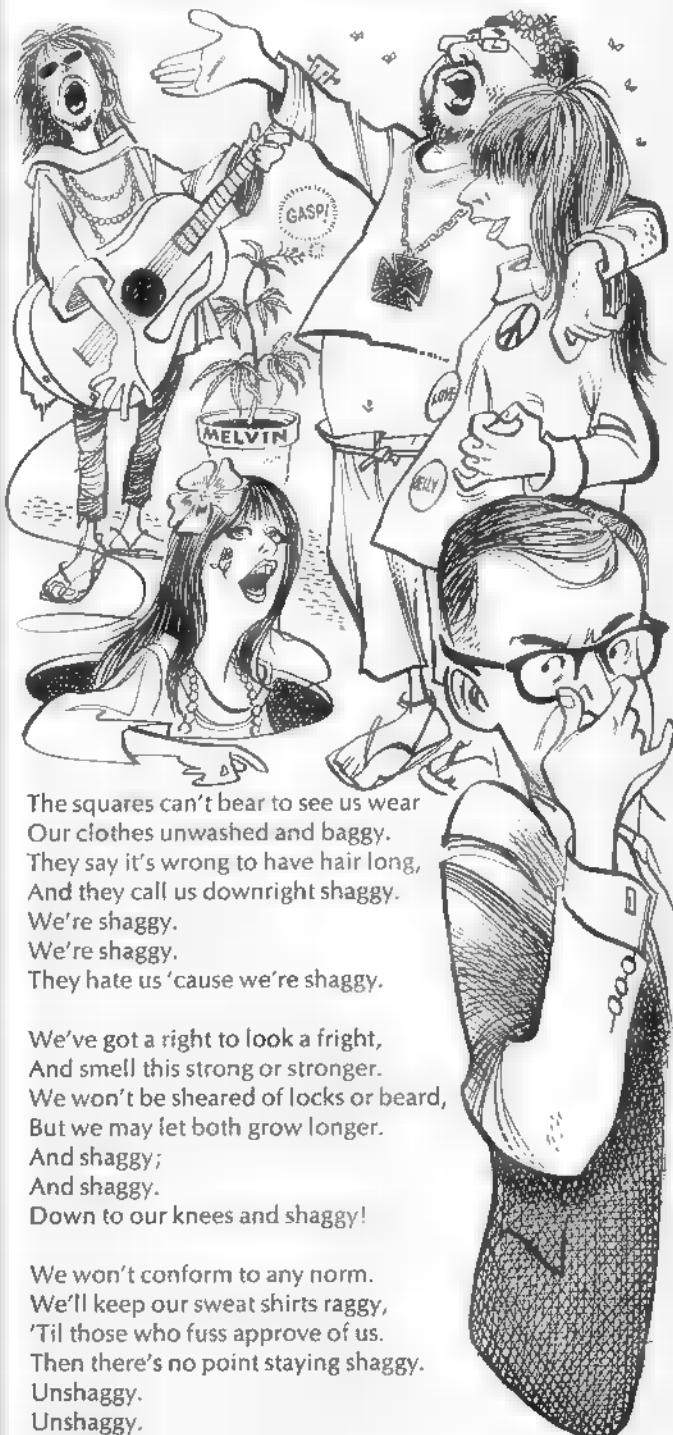
You save up all year long to take a nice vacation.
You make a lot of plans to drive across the nation.
You dream of all you'll see with great anticipation.
You've only got a week to reach your destination,
But that seems like enough; you feel no consternation.
Then they tell you over and over and over again, my friend,
That you can't get through; the road is under construction.

You've never been to Maine or Utah's scenic section.
You call the auto club to help make your selection.
You pay to get your car a thorough trip inspection
So you can drive afar and feel you've got protection.
Then, when you're almost there, you seek a cop's direction.
And he tells you over and over and over again, my friend,
That you must turn back; the road is under construction.

Vacation here at home, our president keeps saying.
Don't spend your dough abroad, he fervently is praying.
So you head for New York to do your summer playing;
Or maybe to the west a-travel plan you're laying,
To see those snowy peaks and geysers wildly spraying.
But the signs warn over and over and over again, my friend,
That you can't get there; the road is under construction.

The Flower Children's Fight Song

(Sung to the tune of "They Call the Wind Maria")



The squares can't bear to see us wear
Our clothes unwashed and baggy.
They say it's wrong to have hair long,
And they call us downright shaggy.
We're shaggy.
We're shaggy.
They hate us 'cause we're shaggy.

We've got a right to look a fright,
And smell this strong or stronger.
We won't be sheared of locks or beard,
But we may let both grow longer.
And shaggy;
And shaggy.
Down to our knees and shaggy!

We won't conform to any norm.
We'll keep our sweat shirts raggy,
'Til those who fuss approve of us.
Then there's no point staying shaggy.
Unshaggy.
Unshaggy.
We'll bathe and be unshaggy.

A Rousing Sneer For The Undedicated Physician

(Sung to the tune of "Home on the Range")

Groan, groan with the pain.
Your doctor has vanished again.
Of course, it's his right
To go out Friday night,
So just lie there. Shut up! Don't complain!

Writhe, twitch and feel strange.
You've left word with Doc's phone exchange.
Some day, he'll check in
And prescribe as-pir-in.
That's the best you can hope to arrange.

Retch, whimper and bawl,
As down to Doc's office you crawl.
It's painfully slow,
But that's where you must go
'Cause you know he won't make a house call.

Pain, pain you can't bear.
So die, but don't die in despair.
As downward you slide,
See the cheerier side:
You won't live to endure Medicare.



Indigestion Blues

(Sung to the tune of "This Train")

This place has surly waiters,
This place.
This place has surly waiters,
This place.
This place has surly waiters,
Watery soups and half-baked 'taters.
This place to no one caters, this place.

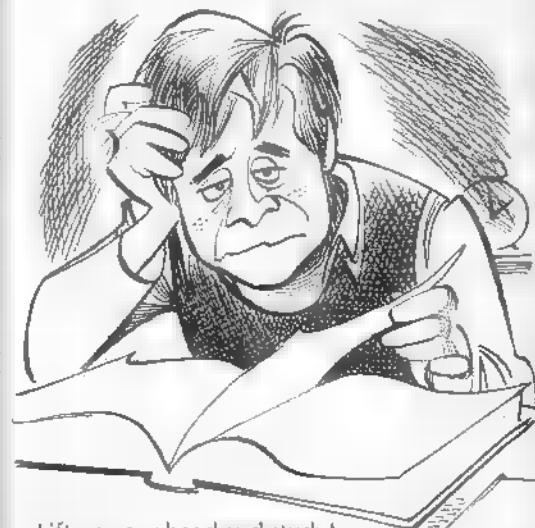
This place ain't got clean dishes,
This place.
This place ain't got clean dishes,
This place.
This place ain't got clean dishes;
Just stale bread and rancid fishes.
This place serves what it wishes, this place.

This place has two main courses,
This place.
This place has two main courses,
This place.
This place has two main courses—
Both are drenched with thick brown sauces
Camouflaging meat from horses, this place.



Concerto In D-Minus

(Sung to the tune of "Tom Dooley")



Lift up your head and study!
Learn or you're doomed to fail!
And if your mind stays muddy,
You'll never go to Yale.

No college really wants you;
Not Georgia or Bucknell.
Why should they come and hunt you?
You don't play football well.

Lift up your head and read, boy!
Stay up all night and cram!
If you lack grades you need, boy,
You'll go to Uncle Sam.



I'm Cross About Inflation

(Sung to the tune of "Across the Wide Missouri")



The lunch at school's a dollar-twenty.
Go away, you wild inflation.
For creamed chipped beef, four-bits is plenty.
Go way. I cannot pay to keep up with inflation.

Three bucks I saved by being thrifty;
Money for a date this week-end.
But movies charge at least two-fifty.
And so, I'll see the show all by myself this week-end.



I mowed the lawn and earned two-dollars:
Lowest wage scale in the nation.
But ask for more and my dad hollers:
"It's you. It's kids like you who cause the wild inflation."

The Roving Postman

(Sung to the tune of "The Roving Gambler")



I am a roving postman,
I walk from street to street,
With so much junk mail in the pouch I tote
It's flattened both my feet.

I used to just bring letters,
And folks were fond of me.
Now, they know me best for the trash I dump;
I'm yelled at constantly.

It's surely not my fault, though;
I can't control the mails.
And I get no kicks passing out bright ads
Announcing casket sales.

I'm lugger sixty pounds here
Of junk no one could want;
Mostly sample jars of some mustache wax
Addressed to "Occupant."



But still I trod my route, boys,
Through snow and sleet and hail.
Then I hurry home when the day is done
And burn my own junk mail.

The Bleat Of The Former Pedestrian

(Sung to the tune of "Kisses Sweeter than Wine")



When I was a young man without any car,
I used to hang around home and not go very far.
I had me no wheels and no gas in the tank.
In fact, I really had nothing but dough in the bank.
O-o-h-h-h, oh, money that was all mine.



Then I met a dealer and showed him my cash.
He said, "My boy, what you need is this '52 Nash."
The contract I signed was to drive me to tears;
It called for low, easy terms for the next hundred years.
O-o-h-h-h, oh, money no longer mine.



I don't like to protest; I'm just not that kind,
But then my grounds for complaint are so easy to find.
The license and tax are outrageously high,
And when you go to insure, kiss your savings good-bye.
O-o-h-h-h, oh, money used to be mine.



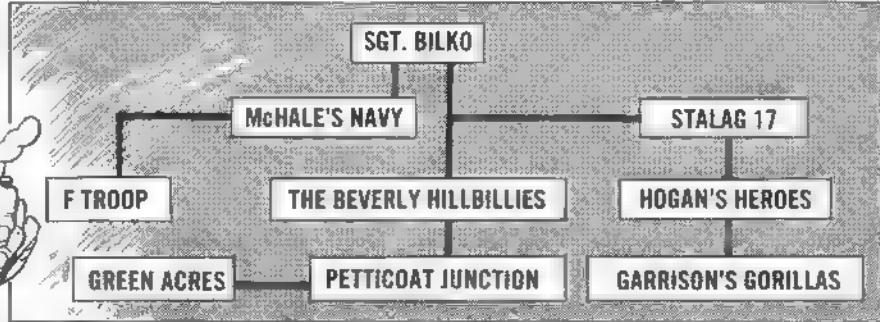
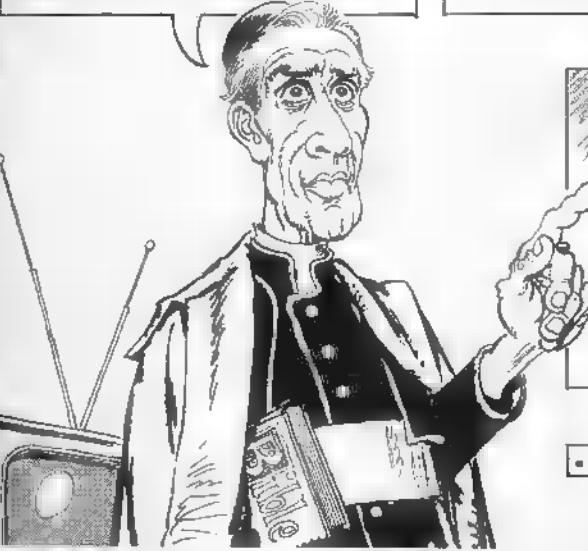
I've heard it proclaimed, though I'm not really sure,
That there's a federal program to help out the poor.
I don't ask for food or the Job Training Corps;
Just cash to finance my car for a dozen years more.
O-o-h-h-h, oh, money rightfully mine.

NUN COMPOS MENTIS DEPT.

Hello. I am Bishop Fulton J. Showbiz—religious leader and sometime-TV star. I have been asked by the Editors of MAD Magazine to be your guide in the following story. I'd like to begin by delivering a sermon entitled, "The Genesis of the TV Situation Comedy":

In the beginning, Nat Hiken created "Sgt. Bilko". And "Sgt. Bilko" begat "McHale's Navy". And "McHale's Navy" begat "F Troop". And then, "The Beverly Hillbillies" were created. And "The Beverly Hillbillies" begat "Petticoat Junction". And "Petticoat Junction" begat "Green Acres"...

And it came to pass that the film, "Stalag 17" begat "Hogan's Heroes". And unto "Hogan's Heroes" came the sons—"Garrison's Gorillas". And the Earth was enriched, and the highest of ratings shown upon the land...



...and they called her...

THE

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

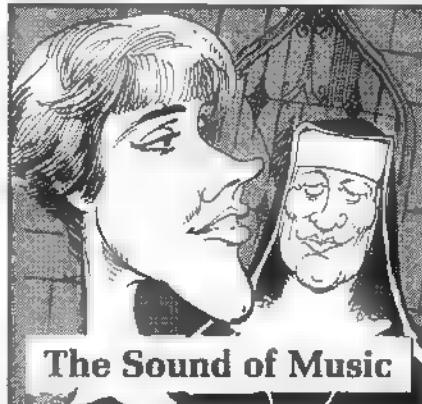
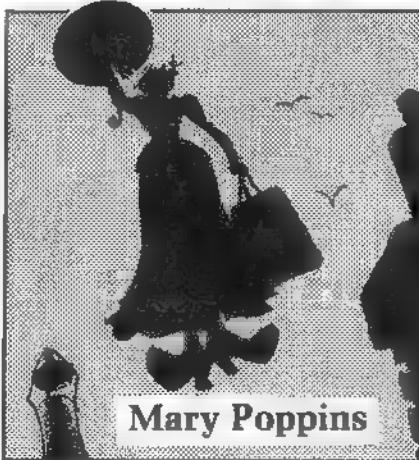
WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL



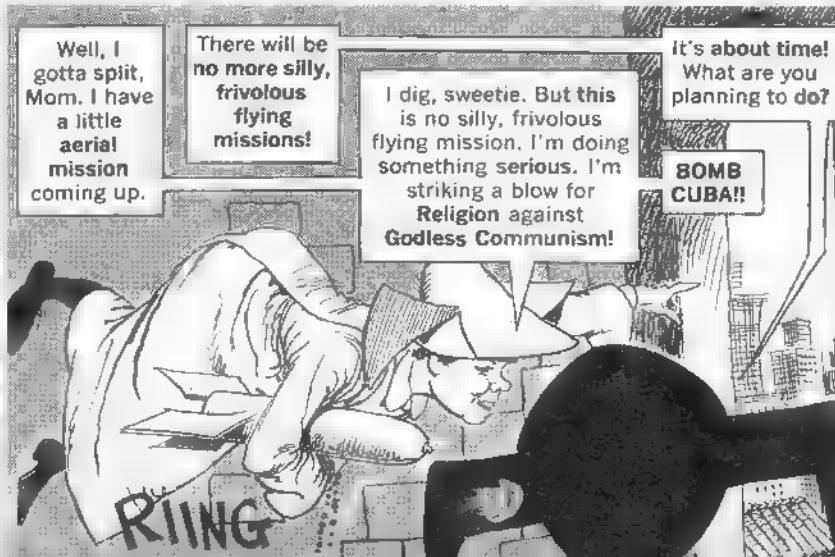
But then it came to pass that a TV Network Executive said, "Bring unto me the ultimate gimmick!" And three wise hacks went forth and brought back an adorable teenager . . .

And they showered unto the adorable teenager the gift of flight, which they borrowed from the Book of Disney . . .

And they gave unto her the irresistible appeal of religious purity, which they borrowed from the Book of Rodgers & Hammerstein. And lo, it came to pass that the ultimate gimmick was born . . .



FLYING NUT



Sisters, I have just spoken to His Eminence. Our Convent is running short of funds and we may have to close down!

Hey, kids, I've got an idea. What do you say we put on a show. You know, with funny acts and magic and animals.

Golly! We just gotta save the Convent!

Sister Brazil is so plios.

We'll do nothing of the sort! We'll raise money the correct way. Now I have to go to San Juan, but I'll be back in a few days. In the meanwhile, pray for our Convent, and ...

Sister Brazil! Come back down! You will not fly over Cuba while I'm gone!

Aw, you never let a teenage Nun have any fun!

Well, how do you like the show so far? Remember ... it's only supposed to be charming entertainment. We mustn't take it too seriously because ...

RRRRRING

Hello? ... Oh, hello, Senator ... What's that? As a devoutly religious man, you are embarrassed by this show? Tell me, Bobby—how does Teddy feel about it? He, too? And what about Cardinal Cushing? ... He WHAT?! That's too bad. Do you have any smelling salts? ... Look, Bobby, the show is coming back on, so ... I'll call you back ...

Listen, kids. I've got some fantabulous plans for raising money. So, while Mom is gone, this is what we'll do ...

Sister Maria, I have such a troubled feeling every time I go to vespers.

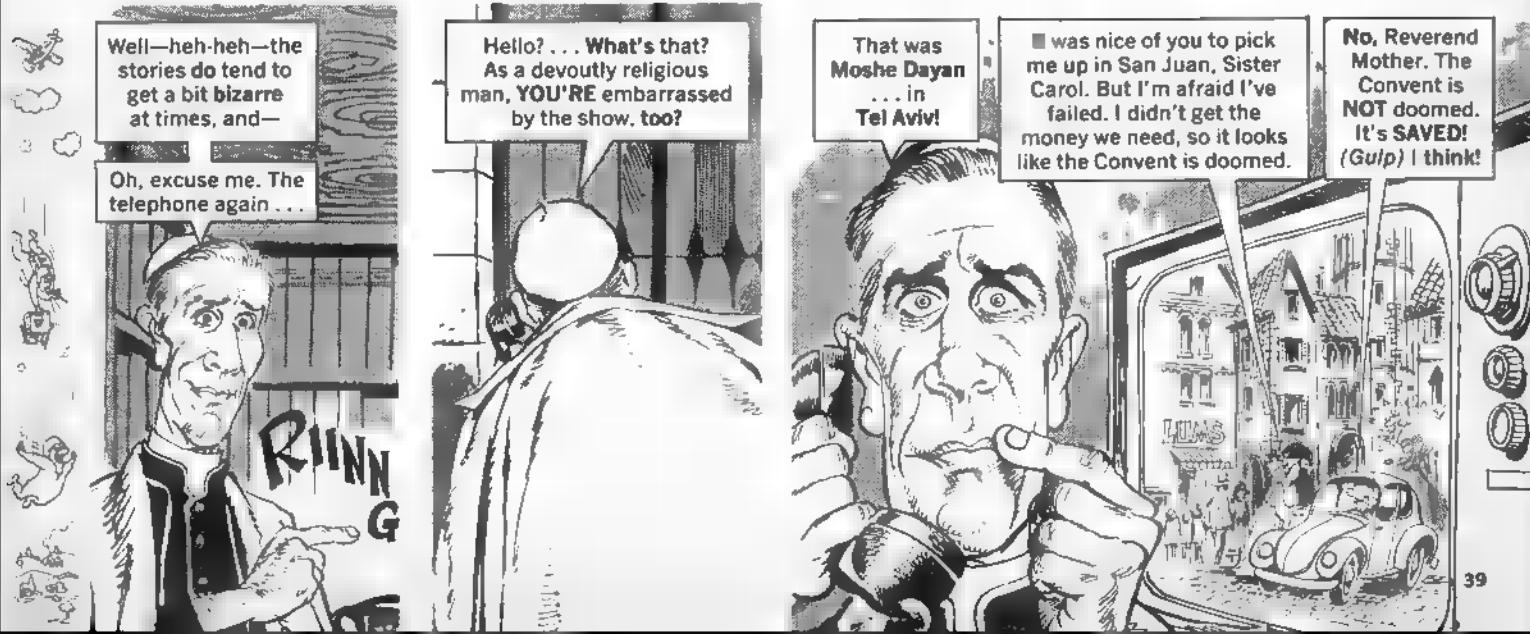
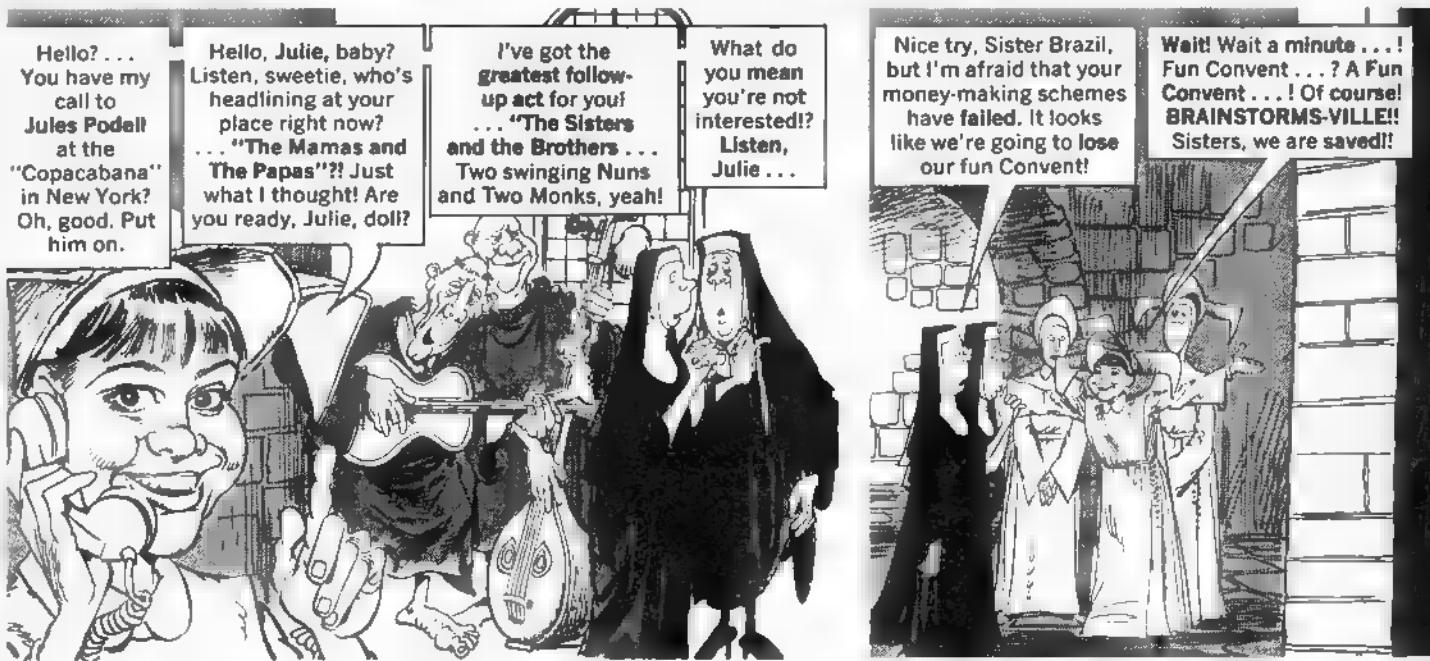
I know how you feel, Sister Ann. I used to feel the same way ...

... until I started using Head & Neck Shampoo! Now there's no more embarrassing loose dandruff on my black habit, and the other Sis—

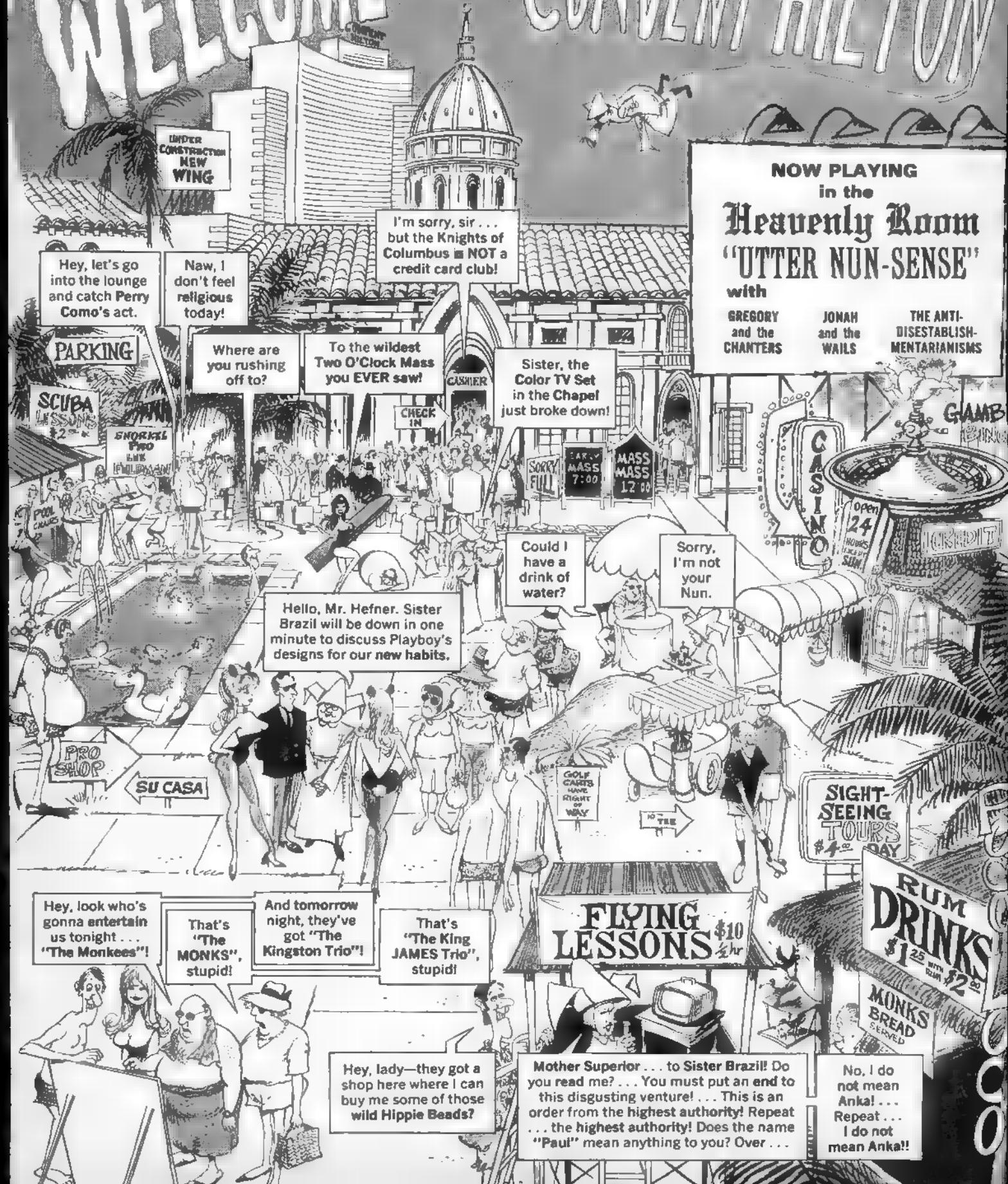
Hold it! HOLD IT! CUT!!

I'm sorry, Sister Brazil, but we just can't use this commercial on television. It's in bad taste ... even for a "fun" Convent!

That's okay. I understand. Besides, I've got other fab ideas.



WELCOME TO THE CONVENT HILTON



Hey, look who's gonna entertain us tonight . . . "The Monkees"!

That's "The MONKS", stupid!

And tomorrow night, they've got "The Kingston Trio"!

That's "The King JAMES Trio", stupid!

Hey, lady—they got a shop here where I can buy me some of those wild Hippie Beads?

Mother Superior . . . to Sister Brazil! Do you read me? . . . You must put an end to this disgusting venture! . . . This is an order from the highest authority! Repeat . . . the highest authority! Does the name "Paul" mean anything to you? Over . . .

No, I do not mean Anka! . . . Repeat . . . I do not mean Anka!!

Well, that's the show, folks. And it's like that every week so—

Oh, excuse me. That's the phone again...

Hello? . . . WHAT?! Oh, I'm—I'm sorry to hear that!

Gee! What do you know! Italy just went Presbyterian!

Oh, well, it'll all even up in the end. I've just gotten word from the Networks. Due to the popularity and success of "The Flying Nut", here are some funny religious TV shows you'll be seeing in the near future:

RELIGION

8:00 7 JUNGLE RABBI—Comedy

COLOR It's one laugh after another as our hero searches for ten Jewish apes to make up a prayer quorum. Jungle Rabbi: Tab Hunter. African Hadassah: Chairiady: Thelma Ritter. Funny Cannibal: Jerry Van Dyke.



9:30 2 FRONTIER BUDDHIST—Comedy

COLOR Buddhist Marshal Tex Thong finds a hilarious way to protest a range war in Dodge City. He sets fire to himself. Tex: Yul Brynner. Wyatt Earp: Jerry Van Dyke. Guest Buddhists: Jack E. Leonard, Phil Silvers, and Richard Nixon.

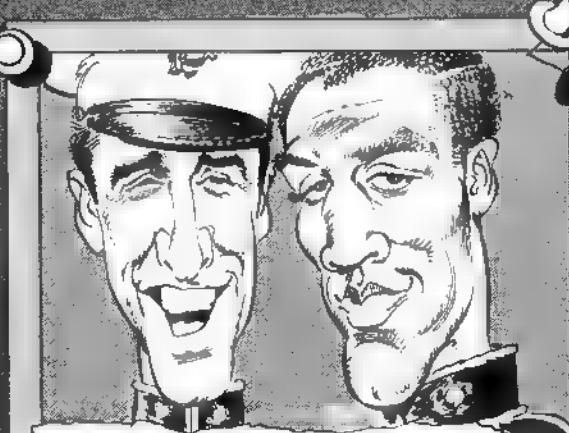
10:00 4 AMISH EYE—Comedy

Simple-living Amish private eye Hans Pfeffer and his simple-living Amish fiancee, Helga, capture a ring of counterfeitors operating out of a Pennsylvania Dutch noodle factory. Hans: Jerry Van Dyke. Helga: Zsa Zsa Gabor.

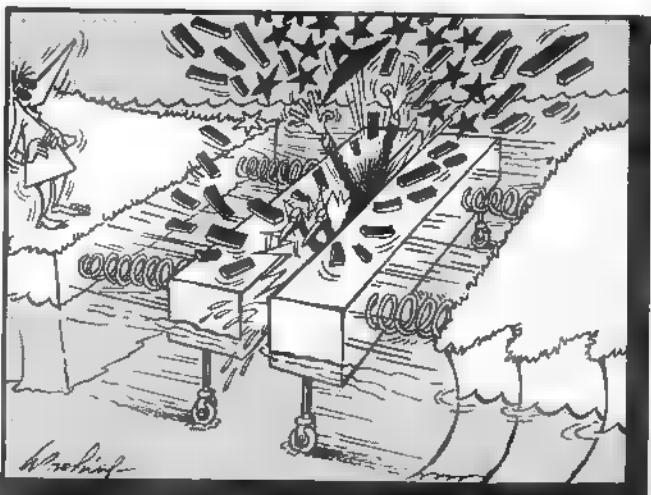
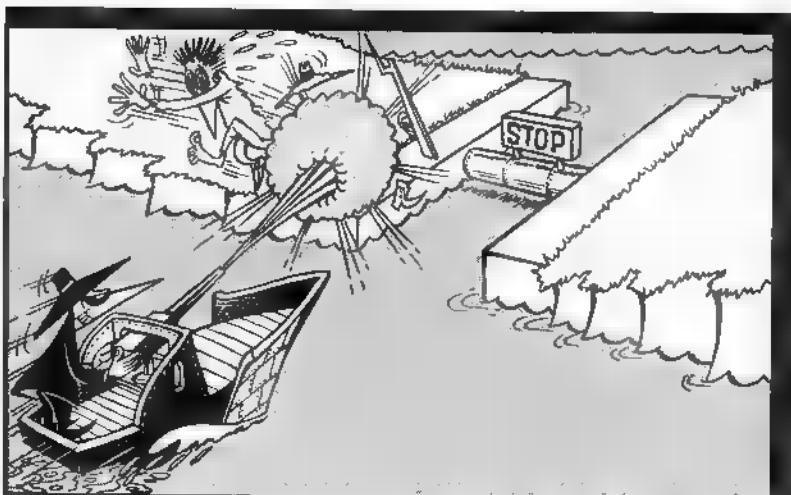
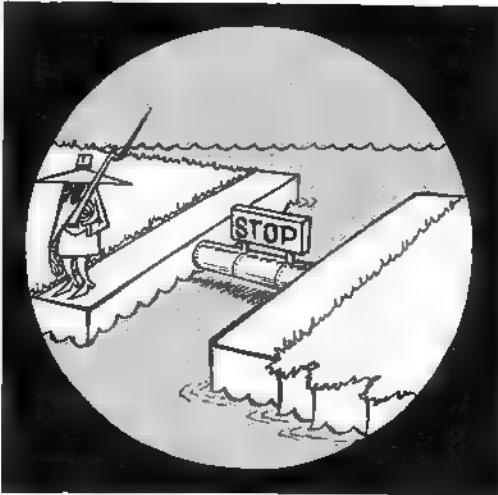


9:00 2 MY THREE MUSLIMS—Comedy

COLOR When Willie, the oldest boy of the "X" family, is drafted into the Marine Corps, he gets into a hilarious racial fight with Gomer Pyle. Willie: Bill Cosby. Gomer: Jim Nabors. Secretary of Defense: Jerry Van Dyke.

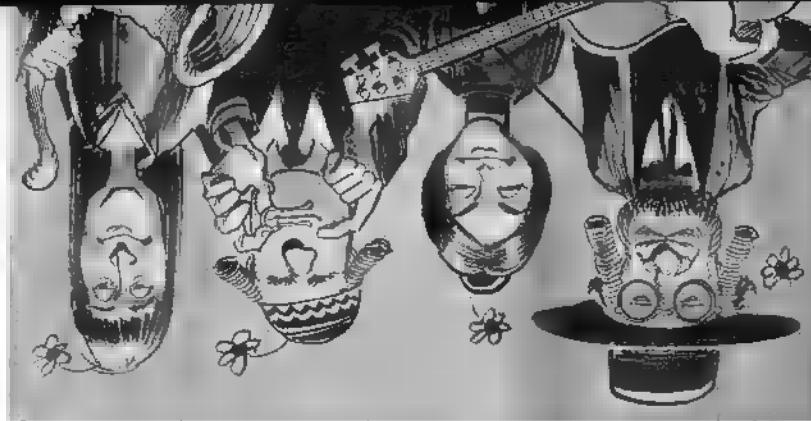


JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT.





Sam & The Psychos



The Bubbas & The Zaydas



Murray De Sade & The Flagellants



Eugenics & The Eugenics



—GOINGS—
ON
WITH
YOUR
FAVES
FROM
COAST-10-
COSTI

Gossip S.05 09



(CONTINUED ON PAGE 61)

my dressing room, locked the door, and took off all of her
The time this girl with loads of personality walked into

your fan tabloids show business career?

What do you consider to be the most thrilling moment in
Making out.

What do you enjoy doing most on a date?

inner attractiveness from her soul.

has enthusiasm and warmth and it she radiates a kind of

be considered outstanding features can be attractive if she

in physical beauty. Even a girl who doesn't have what might

attractive, I don't think attractiveness always expresses itself

Oh her personality, definitely. While I like a girl to be

What is most important when you meet a girl—her looks
her?

up for the people you owe so much to—your parents?

Now that you made it big, what kind of home did you set
I like to sit around naked and count my money.

How do you relax?

Yeah, I had this crazy alluviance set-up at home.

Always?

Not at all. I always made a million dollars a week.

Has your life changed much since you became successful?

A million dollars a week.

How much money do you earn?

Like rhythm, melody, harmony, and the rest of that junk.

Very well, I don't bring any bad habits into my music.

Singer?

How did this experience affect your career as a pop

They wouldn't let me listen either.

What would you admire most in a person?

What do you admire most in a person?

In the Spring of 1952.

When did you take your last bath?

In the Summer of 1953.

Speaking of combs, when did you take your last haircut?

I really appreciate it. That was the day I lost my comb.

A lot of people feel the same way.

November 22, 1963.

What do you consider to be the most catastrophic day of

My humility.

I am six feet and 175 pounds of solid, rippling muscle. I

have brown, wavy hair, blue, psychic delicate eyes, and when I

smile, the corners of my mouth crinkle boyishly and my en-

tre body radiates excitement, health, and fantastic vitality.

What do you think is your strongest personality trait?

In Pennsylvania, in a little town called Bethlehem. In a

Where were you born?

man's name. I am not like that at all.

I hate it when people who are jealous of my success ac-

use me of being too self-important and acting like God or

somebody. I am not like that at all.

What is your pet peeve?

What is your pet peeve?

In Pennsylvania, in a little town called Bethlehem. In a

man's name. I am not like that at all.

I hate it when people who are jealous of my success ac-

use me of being too self-important and acting like God or

somebody. I am not like that at all.

What is your pet peeve?



Answers 20

FABULOUS QUESTIONS

Paul

Kissable Recording Star!

Here are the Questions You've

been dying to ask the Georgeous,

As you know, I never fail. ASK ANITA FLOM, of Bronxville, N. Y., who is now the proud possessor of the right knee-cap of pop singer star, Dino Dino Dino—or, as our fun-loving gang here at SIK-TEEN call him—“Gimpy.”

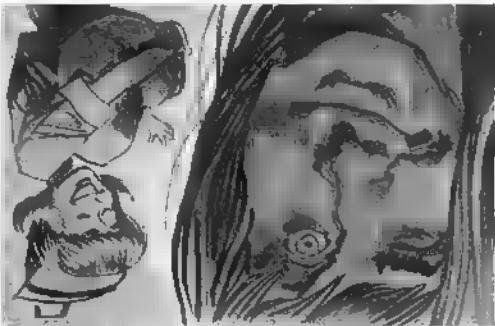
So here's your chance, all you groovy SIX-TEEN girls! Here's your chance to win something personal that belongs to one of your favorite recording stars. All you have to do is: Write down what you want, and who you want it from, on a piece of paper. Then send that piece of paper to me . . .

SICK-TEEN MAGAZINE, NEW YORK, N.Y.
© "HEAVENSWILLE".
GLORY OSKY

HEAVENSVILLE

AT RIDE TO

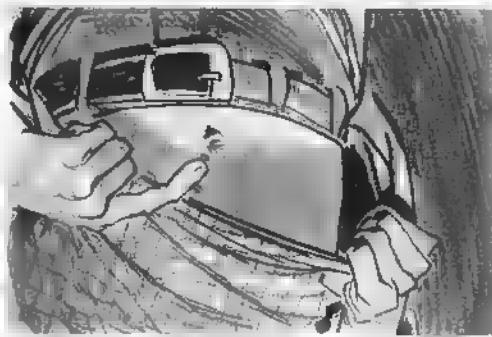
FROM JOHNNY STUD
YOUR VERY OWN BABY



A POINTY MOUND OF WAX FROM LEONARD NIMOY'S RIGHT EAR



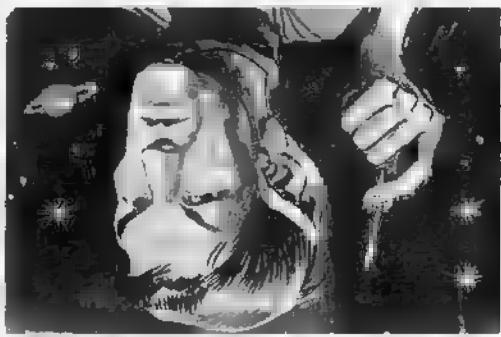
A MONOGRAMMED BASKET OF
MARK'S DIRTY LAUNDRY



A PERSONALITY AUTOGRAPHED BAG OF
DIZI JR.'S BELLY-BUTTON LINT



A PAIR OF PERSONALLY INITIALED
ADENOIDS FROM DAVY JONAH'S THROAT



TWO TWENTY-YEAR-MOLARS FROM THE MOUTH OF 18-YEAR-OLD JON PROVALLONE

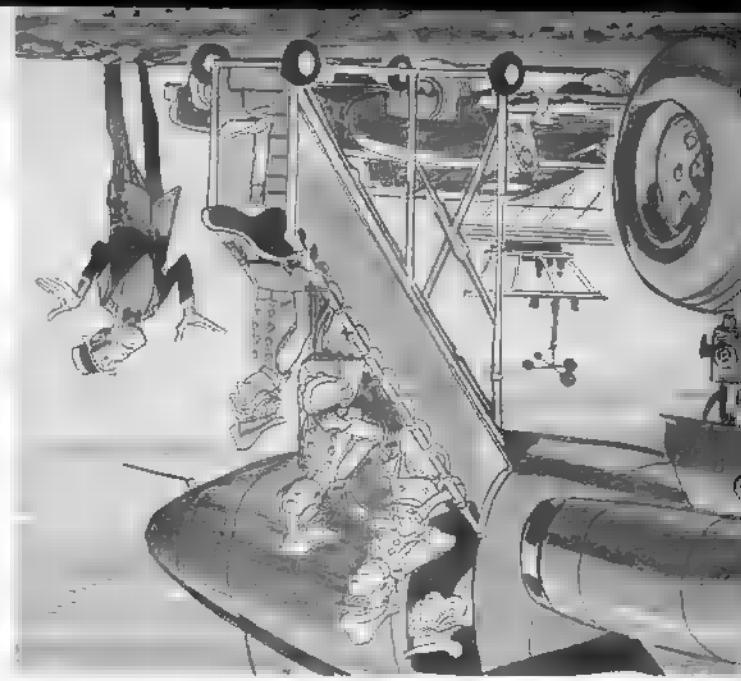


www.1000ways2grow.com

HERE ARE A FEW OF THE THINGS YOU CAN WIN THIS MONTH:



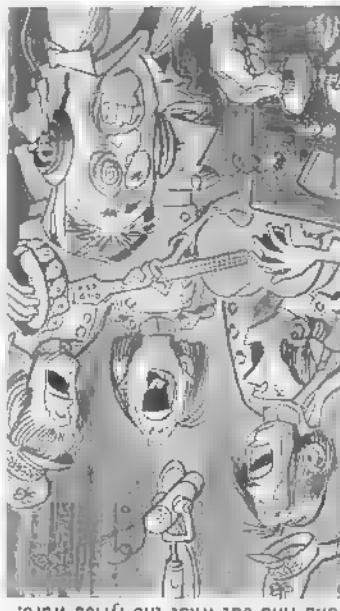
...the old gas station in Mineola, N.Y. Oh well, it was great fun while it lasted. What an experience! What a career! What a day!!



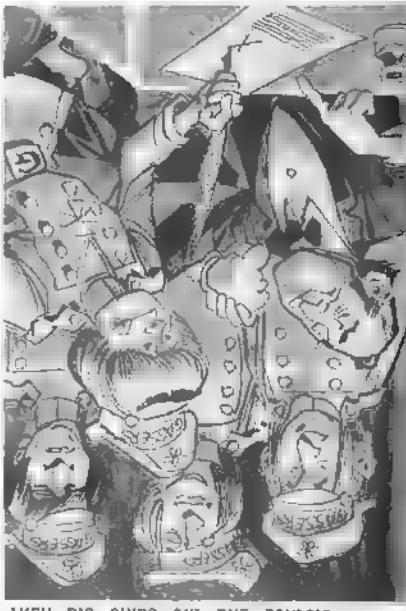
in New York, we see nobody at the airport. Morty tells us we had Six million screaming fans saw us off at L.A. But when we arrive So we hop into our special limousine which whisk us off to ...



With our first platter selling over 10 million copies an hour, we give a fantastically concrete start to the Los Angeles Coliseum and overflows into Soldiers Field, Chicago.

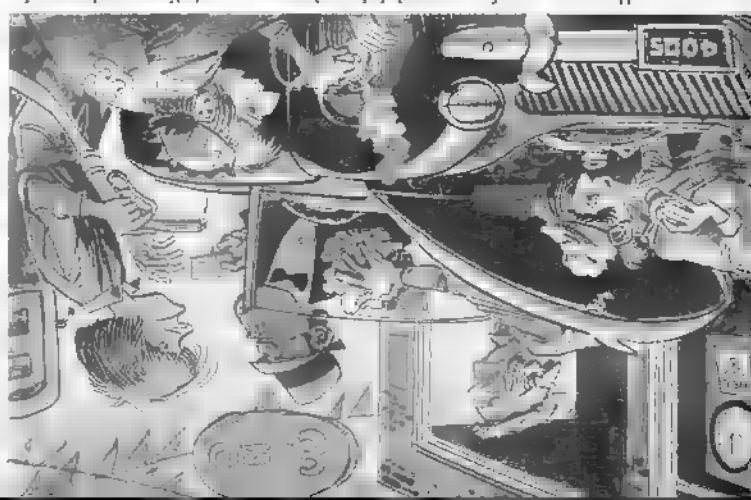


This is making our first record. As soon as we finish the recording, we plan to buy song sheets and find out what the lyrics were.



Here we are in Morty's office with a new name (Gino And The Bessers), a new contract, new clothes and the same old hair.

GINO and The GASSERS IN PIX CAREER SINGING OUR FA



SIK-TEEN MAGAZINE NEW YORK, N.Y.
 "WHITE SLAVERY EDITOR"
 Mail Coupon to:
 City Zip-Code State
 Address Age
 Name
 Please PRINT

Yes, I am interested in details on how I can own these four unknown, unprofessionals, untrained boys so that I can turn them into four FAMOUS unprofessionals, untrained smuggers! I enclose a \$55.00 bill, which I never expect to see again!

SIK-TEEN "SVENGALI" CONTEST

So fill out the coupon! Enter this great contest today!
 EASY YOU BET! FUN! AND HOW! THEY'RE ALL YOURS—READY MADE!
 AND BELIEVE US, THEY'RE MUCH MORE FUN THAN PLAYING WITH DOLLS!

You own them! You name them! You feed them! You clothe them! You cuddle them! You mother them! You kiss them! You control them! You teach them to speak English (This is optional)! You create a TV series for them! You turn them loose on humanity! And best of all, you collect fab royalties and percentages from them!

HERE'S WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU WIN THIS FANTABULOUS GROUP!

Upset because all the boys on your block are leaving above lying unconscious in a cellar in Newark, N.J. Look at them! Aren't they absolutely hopeless-looking? Believe us when we say they can't do ANYTHING! Wouldn't YOU like to mold them into a super-smash singing group? Of course you would! And you CAN!

Murray The K, and other star-makers? Do you want because of the fantastic financial success of Dick Clark, forever to become overnight singing sensations? Jealousy IN, too? Here's your CHANCE!



CREATE YOUR OWN SINGING GROUP!

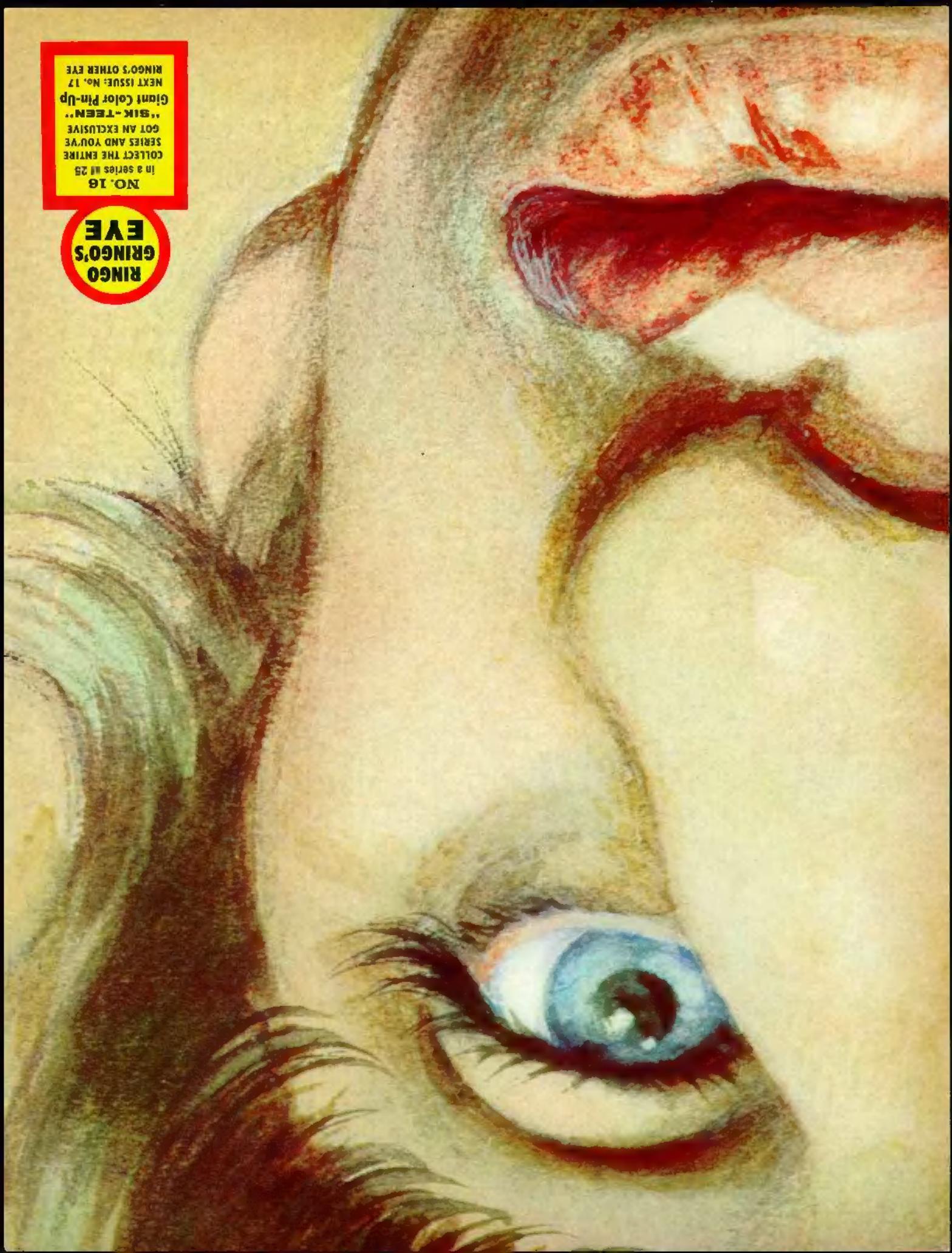
IT'S EXCITING! IT'S GROOVY!
 IT'S FUN! IT'S PROFITABLE!

FEAR NEW CONTEST!

HEY, ALL YOU SWINGIN' SIK-TEENS! HERE'S A

RINGO'S OTHER EYE
NEXT ISSUE: NO. 17
Giant Color Pin-up
"SICK-TEEN"
GOT AN EXCLUSIVE
SERIES AND YOU'VE
COLLECT THE ENTIRE
IN 8 SERIES #1-25
NO. 16

RINGO'S
EYE





NOTE: THIS IS REALLY OUR BACK COVER!
WE'RE USING IT TO INTRODUCE ANOTHER

MAD MAGAZINE SATIRE



• A FEW OF THEIR USED BAND-AIDS
• FREE VIALS OF THEIR SWEAT
• FREE LOCKS OF THEIR HAIR

1,027 FAB PHOTOS

THE FANTABULOUS CHIMPS

ZAP PAGES • Chow The Blotterel
• Kick The Printel • Lick The Plotterel

89

MIKE BURPS • AND MANY, MANY SURPRISES!
MICKY EATS • PETER DRINKS • DAVID SLEEPS
THE CHIMPS PERFORM FAB BODY FUNCTIONS

I know he doesn't belong in a Tee-nage Mag, but your Editor is crazy about him!

BEN GAZZARA
A NIGHT AT HOME WITH

DAVID TELLS OF HIS RESURRECTION
MICKY TELLS OF HIS DEATH

PETER TELLS OF HIS OLDER AGE
MIKE TELLS OF HIS OLD AGE

EVEN TELL
THEIR CLOTHES! BLOODY THEM! SMELL

THE BEAGLES
WIN A DATE WITH

THE RAGMEN • THE ROACHES • THE CESSPOOLS

DOC • GRUMPY • SNEEZY • JON • JAY • MOISHE

MARK • MICK • MIKE • DINO • DESI • DOPPY

5000 SUPER-GLAM COLOR PIN-UPS OF:

• PETER TELLS OF HIS DREAMS • DAVID CONFESSES TO A MURDER

• MIKE TELLS OF HIS CHILDHOOD • MICKY TELLS OF HIS FAMILY

THE CHIMPS TELL ALL:

MAGAZINE
TEEN
SICK-

OCT \$25.00
200 per issue. \$1.00 per issue. \$1.00 per issue.